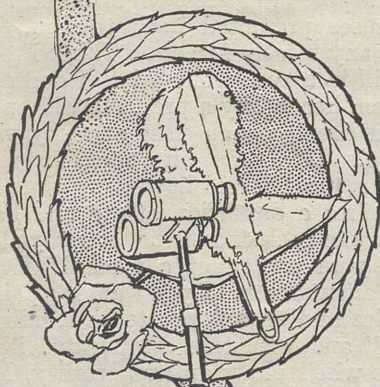
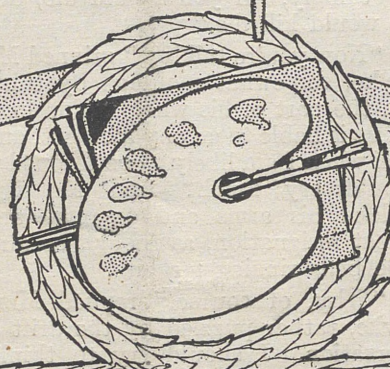


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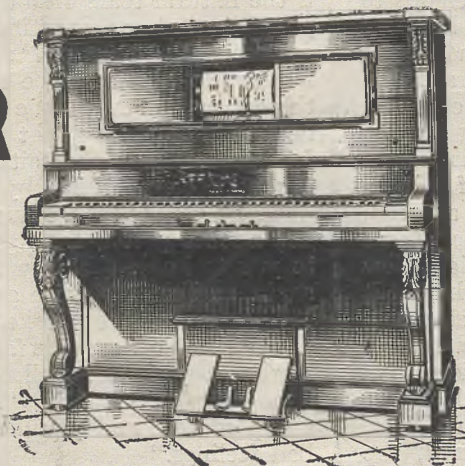
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American Humorists—VII

By MAJOR BEN C. TRUMAN

Twenty odd years ago a new star came in the person of Stanley Huntley, and the Brooklyn *Eagle* was greatly the gainer by Mr. Huntley's "Spoopendyke" Sketches, which were exceedingly funny, notwithstanding their sameness.

The life of Stanley Huntley, if written up, would possess as thrilling interest as that of any blood-and-thunder story ever written, and strangely in contrast with his own humorous sketches. He studied law and practiced long enough to discover that his tastes lay in another direction, and then accepted a situation as a reporter on the New York *Tribune*, and later on the *Times*. He was on the paper during the Tweed ring exposé, but lost his standing as a reporter by asking Tweed one day if it were true that he had robbed the New York Treasury of \$6,000,000. In 1879 he went to Chicago and managed the *Telegraph*, but its rapid decline soon caused him to leave it and go to Bismark, D. T., where he bought the *Tribune*. During that summer he had his memorable interview with Sitting Bull—a journalistic feat of daring that puts in the shade even those of Archibald Forbes, J. A. MacGahan and Edmon O'Donovan. The Chicago *Tribune* thought it could produce a sensation by an interview with Sitting Bull, who was then at war with the government, and engaged Huntley for the hazardous enterprise. It was like hunting for a needle in a haystack, for no one knew where the crafty Indian was, and every effort of the troops to find him or to have conference with him had failed. Huntley, with a friendly Indian for interpreter, started out, and after traversing the plains of Dakota and Montana, enduring immeasurable hardships and eluding warlike Indians, finally found the object of his search. The Indians at once suspected him of being a spy and seized him and tried him as such, but he was finally able to convince them that all he wanted to learn was their chief's view of the situation, in order that he might tell it to the white people. Sitting Bull softened, and Huntley was rewarded for his trouble with a ten thousand word interview. He immediately hurried across the plains to Wood Mountain, then to the Missouri River, down which he rowed to Fort Buford, the nearest telegraph station, and the next morning the *Tribune* came out with nearly a page of Sitting Bull's "talk." This brilliant effort broke Huntley down and he never was in good health afterward.

One of Mr. Huntley's "Spoopendyke Sketches" is herewith given, entitled *A Consultation With His Wife Over His Possible Early Demise*:

"My dear," said Mr. Snoopendyke, turning in his chair and contemplating his wife with a solemn expression on his visage. "My dear, what would you do if I were suddenly called away by the angels?"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Snoopendyke, dropping her scissors and looking up with a jerk. "What put that idea into your head?"

"Don't you think they are just as liable to come fishing after me as any one else?" demanded Mr. Snoopendyke, sitting up straight and rumpling his hair ominously. "P'raps you have got some kind of a notion that the rest of the world have a corner on this angel business, and that I'm short on a rising market. What I asked was, what would you do if I should be called home without any particular amount of warning?"

"You needn't be afraid of that," smiled Mrs. Snoopendyke. "It is a great deal more likely that I will go before you do. You are good for forty years yet, and you know I am not very strong."

"Got it all fixed, haven't you?" remonstrated Mr. Snoopendyke, straightening bolt upright, and glaring at his spouse. "Been making all the arrangements for the dissolution of this family without consulting anybody, haven't ye? I tell ye no man knoweth when the last measly hour cometh, and if you think your candle has got any longer wick than mine, you're way off your nut, you hear?"

"Yes dear," murmured Mrs. Snoopendyke soothingly, "If you should die, dear, I think it would kill me."

"Now you're talking," grinned Mr. Snoopendyke, somewhat mollified by this concession on the part of his wife. "You know the best of us is liable to go any moment, and you can't tell when I am likely to be scooped up. Think you'd cry much? And Mr. Snoopendyke folded his arms and assumed an aspect of great resignation, as though he already heard the bells ringing for him.

"Why, of course," replied Mrs. Snoopendyke, rather puzzled by the drift of the conversation. "I should try to think that you were better off, but it would be natural for me to shed tears."

"Just so!" grunted Mr. Snoopendyke, "and if the natural tears didn't hold out, I suppose you'd chuck in a few artificial ones rather than not keep up your end of the stick. What makes you think I'd be better off? he continued, as he caught the full force of the reflection that there might be some consolation for his widow in the faith that he had done a pretty clever thing by dying. "Be glad, wouldn't you, to see me launched into the grave like a fence post? Be a great deal of comfort to you to know that you would never see me again, or hear my voice any more!" and here Mr. Snoopendyke broke down under his emotion and covered his face with his hands.

"Don't you feel well, dear?" asked Mrs. Snoopendyke, timidly. "Let me make you a cup of tea, and you'll soon get over your bad feelings."

"Never mind," whispered Mr. Snoopendyke, in a broken voice. "I suppose you'd get the most expensive mourning you could find, and have it made up as becoming as the life insurance would permit, wouldn't you?"

"Certainly, dear, if you wish it," assented Mrs. Snoopendyke. "Only I don't think I could have it ready in time for the funeral. I could borrow a black dress until mine was done, but—"

"And I suppose you could hire some grief to help you through the allotted period of bereavement, couldn't you?" hissed Mr. Snoopendyke, forgetting that he was theoretically dead, and bouncing off his chair. "There wouldn't be time to get on all the flounces and ruffles between death and revival, and you'd have to rent appropriate expressions of profound melancholy! Is that the way you want to be understood? Couldn't go to my funeral unless you could outshine all the other dodgasted widows in our set! That the idea you want to convey? That all the consolation you want to pervade my last hour with?"

"No, dear," cooed Mrs. Snoopendyke, somewhat at a loss to express herself. "What would you like to have me do?"

"Do!" roared Mr. Snoopendyke, who had

expected the prospective widow to burst into tears at the suggestion of his demise. "What do I expect you to do? Go fishing! When the trump of immortality sounds for Snoopendyke, and he replies, 'Lord, the remains are prepared for sacrifice,' I expect you to get a lot of old hens together and have a candy pull. Understand it now? Does that dying request convey to your mind any intelligent idea of the last wishes of the defunct? Think you could carry out that bequest without getting the molasses all over the corpse?"

"Yes, dear," sighed Mrs. Snoopendyke, struggling to keep the tears back as in her imagination she conjured up the vision of Mr. Snoopendyke lying in his coffin with his poor face all stuck up with treacle. "Only I wouldn't like to have a fire in the house when you were dead, because it would be so hot for the mourners, and, you know, a corpse ought to be kept as cool as possible in this warm weather."

"So it ought, hadn't it?" yelled Mr. Snoopendyke, rather startled by this practical suggestion that he might not keep long in a warm house. "And the mourners ought to be comfortable if they are going to enjoy the proceedings!" he continued, remembering that in the enumeration of the reasons for not building a fire the feelings of the bereaved were consulted before the effect on the late lamented. "That busts the scheme. No candy pull over the remains of Snoopendyke! Can't ye think of something else? I say," he howled, as a new and particularly bright idea struck him, "you might have a game of 'Aunt Sally' with me! Set me up in a corner and throw sticks at me, and then you could have in some ice cream for the mourners. That would keep all hands cool and bust the hind sights of any funeral that ever came off in these parts. How does that strike you?"

"Wouldn't you rather have me get some flowers, dear, and fill your coffin up with fragrance?" asked Mrs. Snoopendyke, looking up at him affectionately.

"No!" roared Mr. Snoopendyke, as the grim aspect of crosses, wreaths and anchors in tuberoses presented itself to him. "I don't want any measly flowers. Think I'm going to lie still in a box, while a lot of dodgasted old women, headed by a prancing widow in a borrowed dress, march past and shy vegetables at me? Think I'm an opera singer, to hoist up in my coffin and bow every time a measly idiot fires a dandelion at me and have some one in the back end of the church yell 'speech.' That your notion of a funeral? With your ideas about death, all you want is a pair of silver handles and an autopsy to be a railroad accident," and with this complicated illustration of his wife's views on immortality, Mr. Snoopendyke slammed the door after him and went to the races.

"I don't care," murmured Mrs. Snoopendyke, as he departed. "I don't care. At all the funerals I have attended they had flowers, and if we don't have some when my poor husband dies, they'll say that we didn't have any friends or money. Anyway, I hope he don't die before I do, and then he'll know what trouble it is to hunt up his own things, and what it is to be without anyone to put them away for him," and with this sentiment, Mrs. Snoopendyke put her husband's razor strop behind the clock and his pipe into the sheet bag and then sat down to wonder how she would look in mourning if she should ever "be driven to the pinch."

R. H. Hay Chapman
Editor

Graphic

Winfield Scott
Manager

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From the Inside

X.

Cornelius, the Carmen's Discredited Leader, Driven to Extreme Means—Youthful Dynamitards, Graduates in the School of Crime—
Calhoun's Reception at the Olympic Club and a Surgeon's Prescription—Intimidation and Insolence the Instruments of
the Beaten Strikers—Delmas "a Rhinoceros" and Heney "a Bloodhound" in each other's eye.

San Francisco, July 23rd.

Richard Cornelius, the discredited leader of the striking carmen, was the central figure at a socialist picnic last Sunday. He made his usual boasts and threats, but his usually impassioned style was dampened. Perhaps the fact that there is dissension in the ranks of his subordinates, that nearly 200 of the strikers have forsaken the union and returned to work, and that after fighting the United Railroads for eleven weeks Cornelius has not gained an inch, account for his depression. Here are a few excerpts from his address: "They say the carmen are making every one suffer. I do not think so * * * The carmen are not going to lose—no never. Calhoun is licked out of his boots * * * There will not be one more car put on until Calhoun accedes to the carmen's demands." And so on.

Half of Cornelius's talk is idle boast; the other half is pregnant with criminal menace. How can Cornelius prevent "one more car being put on" except by such foul crime as was introduced last Saturday night on Twentieth street? This was one of a series of dramatic outrages that have been perpetrated by strikers or their sympathizers. The motor-man and conductor of a car were wounded with bullets. The crew of a neighboring car rushed to their assistance. Then the miscreants turned the power full on the second car which was thus sent out on its danger and death-dealing plunge.

Of course, if the strikers and their sympathizers can make such "accidents" common enough, they will succeed in a frightening a sufficient number of people from riding on the cars. And these diabolical wretches who

take such means to interfere with the lawful operation of cars and to win their strike expose the lives of women and children to terrible danger, have their imitators—apt pupils in the school of crime. Three lads, 19, 17, and 15 years of age respectively, were arrested Sunday with seventy-four sticks of dynamite in their possession. They had concocted a deliberate plan to blow up street cars and on Thursday and Friday of last week made unsuccessful attempts.

Such is the only way that these strikers can make good their threats that "there will not be one more car put on until Calhoun accedes to the carmen's union."

Meanwhile, however, San Franciscans, inured to danger on the streets and never averse to excitement, continue to crowd the cars. Every day the returns of the United Railroads show an increase and will continue to increase unless outlaws succeed in creating a reign of terror.

Belated Decency.

The appointment of a mayor that is a real mayor in the person of Dr. Edward R. Taylor was hailed with universal satisfaction except in the office of the San Francisco Examiner and in William Randolph Hearst's Sausalito establishment. Dr. Taylor is truly one of San Francisco's best citizens. His only drawback lies in his wooing of the muses, and while he has written some comely poetry, a good deal of it does not scan. The disgruntled Hearstites, chagrined at not gaining recognition in the face of William Randolph's long and anxious vigil at the seat of war, seized

upon Dr. Taylor's versed in an attempt to render him ridiculous. But Mayor Taylor can well ignore such pusillanimous attacks. He has the confidence of the people and the respect and friendship of everybody, except the Hearstites—until he has appointed his Board of Supervisors. Then, of course, the factions will break loose. His recognition of Labor, which so long has misruled the city, is to be, according to the present program, quite limited. Tveitmoe and O'Neill remain on the board. They were the only two of the eighteen supervisors who did not succumb to Ruef's leadership; who were not eager to "eat the paint off a house" and thus have escaped the Spreckels big stick and the Heney-Burns mesh. Of the remaining sixteen, Mayor Taylor expects to name two labor unionists, one of whom will be Walter MacArthur, to whose sturdy integrity I have previously paid tribute. It looks as if Dr. Taylor will be able to secure a really good, workmanlike body, and the long, shameful reign of graft and rottenness will be at an end.

Driven By Public Opinion.

If Spreckels, Heney and Langdon could find such a man—and there are scores of them—as Dr. Taylor at the eleventh hour, why didn't they do so at the first hour—as soon as Schmitz was convicted—six weeks ago. The answer is simple. Spreckels had encouraged the street car strike; he was playing in with the labor unionists; he did not dare offend them. He shilly-shallied with them, as with everybody else, and only when the public patience was exhausted, and he

saw himself losing ground daily, was he driven to action. He was evidently loath to relinquish the big stick and to part company with his "good dogs." Public opinion finally asserted itself and at this long last, San Francisco is no longer Spreckelsville but herself again.

At the Olympic Club.

There was a remarkable scene at the Olympic Club last Thursday night, and it would have been wholesome for some of my Los Angeles friends if they had been present at the Boosters' dinner. They would have witnessed a spontaneous and heart whole ovation to Patrick Calhoun whom, at the distance of 500 miles, they have pictured as a fiend incarnate and a rapacious monster. Why does Mr. Calhoun receive such greetings? Why do the small boys on the street who two months ago were yelling "scab" at everyone who got on a street car, today shout "Hello, Pat," and "Bully for you, Pat" as the president of the United Railroads honk-honks around the streets in his automobile? Because everyone in San Francisco who is true to himself and to the facts knows that Calhoun has won a great fight, that he has refused to stop a great public convenience at the dictation of agitators and that he is not afraid.

There were six hundred members and guests at the Boosters' Banquet and they were representative of almost every class and condition. They cheered Calhoun vociferously. They saw the man who was not afraid and who had *done* things. An uninformed or prejudiced or sensational press, or purblind reformers, may throw at Calhoun all the epithets in the calendar but his manhood and his course render such assaults as trivial as the buzzing of the bluebottles.

There was a counter demonstration at the Olympic and it was made much of by the hostile newspapers when they discovered it—thirty-six hours after the event. A doctor from the Mission—by name, Clinton—seems to have found in the proceedings an opportunity for some self-advertisement. He objected to Calhoun's speaking. Calhoun had had no intention of speaking but the gathering gave him such a demonstration, lasting over three minutes, that finally he was compelled to get on his feet and express his thanks. When the dinner broke up, a crowd followed Calhoun to the door and again noisily demanded a speech. This demonstration—it was the third or fourth—was too much for Dr. Clinton. He made a pass at Calhoun, but it was so poorly aimed that it knocked off Dr. Coffey's spectacles. Dr. Coffey is chief surgeon of the United Railroads and he retaliated in good Olympic fashion upon his learned brother in medicine, so much so that the doctor from the Mission wore his neck in bandages—complaining of boils—for several days thereafter.

The Olympic Club, the healthiest institution in San Francisco, has "bitten off more than it can chew" in its new building. If Mr. Calhoun comes to the side of the Boosters with a large subscription, I suppose Dr. Clinton will be to the fore with a cry of "tainted money" and will refuse to swim in the salt water tank swelled by Calhoun's aid.

Other Means.

The hosts of Cornelius, as I have said before, are resorting to "ether means" to prevent people from patronizing the street cars. Here is a comfortable epistle received the other day from one of Cornelius's committees, gently insinuating the other means:

Dear Sir:—

It is with regret that we write to you and a few others in your vicinity in regard to riding on the scab cars of the United Railroads. You are a man from whom we expected a great deal of sympathy being situated as you are with a home and no one depending on you, only a wife, and amply able to support her without resorting to riding on cars operated by scabs giving your mite (10 cents) each day to the king of scabs, Pat Calhoun.

Upon investigation we find you a church member, a pillar, as it were, in your parish; now in justice to us poor working men virtually bordering on slavery, you by your actions deny us the right to live. As you seem to disregard us we will have to resort to other means as this has gone too far. A little time in the hospital would give you time to meditate, and we would advise you to fix up your worldly affairs as sometimes injuries cause death.

So take heed as you are a marked man and we will get you no matter how long we have to wait. This strike is not lost and we might as well make an example of you as you have no children and your widow would be situated that she would not be in want. You are just the kind of man to get and there are others.

COMMITTEE.

A Boomerang.

And here is yet another sample of the outrageous interference with the liberty of the individual—demonstrating the shameful tyranny of unionism:—

Recently a prominent merchant, says the *Argonaut*, received a letter from a committee representing itself as speaking for organized labor, informing him that it had been noted that he and others, presumably subject to his authority or influence, were patronizing the street cars. "You must," the note went on to say, "know that organized labor is engaged in a fight with the street car company, and in view of the fact that you, as an employer, are dependent upon organized labor to carry on your business, we would suggest that you may avoid trouble by ceasing to patronize the cars or permitting persons in your employ to do so so long as they are operated by strike-breakers." The gentleman who received this letter made no immediate response to it except to treat it with contempt, but learning quite accidentally that the strikers' general committee had a telephone—Market 3341—he called up this number and asked for Mr. Cornelius. Mr. Cornelius was not in. He then asked for Mr. Bowling; but Mr. Bowling likewise was not there. In the meantime it was asked, "Would Mr. Porter do?" The merchant informed Mr. Porter that he had received a letter which he regarded as an affront. "My answer," he said, "will be to dismiss the fifteen union men in my service on next pay day." Mr. Porter, in anxious tones, asked why this was to be done. "I think," replied the merchant, "that if you want to talk this matter over you had better come to see me. You who blame me, who am in no way affiliated with unionism, for riding on street cars during a strike, ought not to make use of the telephone during the strike of the telephone operators to discuss a labor question or any other." This was not all that the merchant had to say but "Mr. Porter" promptly hung up.

Local Amenities.

Each day crowds throng the Temple Sherith Israel in which Judge Lawlor is presiding over the Louis Glass trial, in eager expectation of a Heney explosion but, as yet, the intrepid Arizonan has limited himself to verbal fireworks and frantic gesticulations. Delphin Michael Delmas is pre-eminently fitted to provide irritation for Francis J. Heney, but it is not expected that they will clash except in the slinging of epithets. Here are some samples of the spirited dialogue in which these learned brethren indulged last Friday:

Delmas to Heney—I hope I may never be compelled to dilate upon my own exploits as a human blood-

hound who is ready to sell his services for blood money wherever they are required.

Heney to Delmas—Who ever heard of a rhinoceros blushing? I have never yet seen you blush, but whether it is absence of consciousness or thickness of skin I cannot say.

Delmas to Heney—Remember, you have an unkept engagement with W. H. Metson, which you had better fulfill before you undertake to vent your spleen on a man double your age.

Heney to Delmas—When I reach your age, if I have not a better reputation with the people of this city than you have, I shall regret that I did not die before.

But when Heney is faced in the United Railroad cases by Earl Rogers, the sporting men of Fillmore street will open betting books on their chances of conflict. Rogers is in pretty good training and the men are well matched, though Heney is perhaps twenty pounds heavier. The Heney idolatry here is on the wane. A writer in the *Jewish Times* thus describes him:

Heney himself will live to see the day when he will be "slapped in the face" (metaphorically, at least) and the slapper may "still live." In this matter of fact generation, the fiery antics of a Heney and his idle, impudent boasts can have only ephemeral significance, for the sensation they create is but fleeting. When Heney's promise and performance are submitted to the alembic of sober reason, the analysis reveals the dust and disappointment of a Bombastes Furioso—a braggart intoxicated by the exuberance of his own verbosity, a theatric charlatan—"a blooming idol made of mud."

Peace Without Honor.

The much heralded industrial peace conference opened its sessions this (Tuesday) morning. It was poorly attended and the commencement certainly was most inauspicious. Mainly owing to the officious demand of Lincoln Steffens, the magazinist, the promoters of the conference, at the eleventh hour, withdrew their invitation to the United Railroads, or rather at Mr. Steffens's behest, asked Mr. Calhoun to withdraw three of the Railroad's delegates, including himself. The request for withdrawal was accompanied by action which can only be registered as cowardly subterfuge. First, Mr. A. W. Scott, Jr., waited on Mr. Calhoun last Sunday, and asked him to withdraw because the managers of the conference feared that Calhoun's appearance might be greeted with a demonstration which would arouse the antagonism of the labor unions. Mr. Calhoun refused to countenance such "a cowardly political act." Whereupon, yesterday, the committee formally asked Mr. Calhoun and his principal colleagues to withdraw, advancing the new excuse that "we cannot recognize individuals against whom charges are pending in court." This, it will be seen, was distinct self-stultification, as their invitation had been issued long after the indictments against the officials of the United Railroads had been returned. Mr. Calhoun came back with a red hot answer which should make Mr. Scott and his colleagues squirm. Part of Mr. Calhoun's letter is as follows:

I replied to Mr. Scott that if the purpose of the so-called Peace Conference was to bid for the labor vote of this city I could not consent to withdraw the delegation of the United Railroads; that the time had arrived in this community for men to adhere to those high conceptions of civic virtue and public duty which place principle, if necessary, above peace; that, in my judgment, no time-serving conference could or should have influence: that as he had placed the question before us, I regarded the issue raised as bigger than either he or I, bigger than any person, and the sooner the public fully and clearly understood the matter the better it would be for the peace and prosperity of this city.

I told Mr. Scott that the initiative in withdrawing the delegation of the United Railroads could not come from me, and that, having accepted the invitation of the Civic League in good faith, I could not withdraw the delegation on the basis of the representations stated by him.

I believe, gentlemen, in plain speech. I believe in straightforward methods. I received your president as a gentleman. I had a right to rely upon his repre-

sentations of the reasons that influenced you in desiring the withdrawal of the delegation of the United Railroads. I desire again to repeat that not one word was said, either at the conference on Sunday or in the conversation this morning, in regard to the indictment of any official of the United Railroads. I should feel recreant to both if I should fail to lay the facts stated in this letter before the public and to brand your letter of this date as a miserable subterfuge, the discourtesy of which is only equaled by the cowardly political motives which prompted it.

Respectfully,
PATRICK CALHOUN
President.

The position of the managers of the peace conference is transparently ridiculous. They call a peace conference and invite one of the principals in the gravest industrial strife to participate. Then they withdraw their invitation. And thus they find themselves, an amiable lot of theorists, endeavoring to bring peace between two parties, to one of which

they deny a hearing. Oh, Fudge! Or in the classic language of Prosecutor Heney when annoyed in Judge Lawlor's court—"Rats!"

Heney Indictments.

If all the indictments brought by Heney when in Oregon were laid bare, some of his indictments engineered in San Francisco would not be taken so seriously. When next Heney comes down to Los Angeles, the Ministerial Association should ask him the particulars concerning indictments against five citizens of Portland charging them with "impeding justice." His answer, if it be truthful, will, I assure you, be quite diverting. The indictments, of course, were never aired in court and were as abortive as some of Mr. Heney's San Francisco charges promise to be.

Herrin's Situation.

By the way it is very improbable that the redoubtable Heney will carry out his threat of landing William F. Herrin in the penitentiary. Despite his most fervent efforts before the grand jury Heney is still two votes shy of a Herrin indictment, eight grand jurymen standing out against Heney's wish. He has also failed to bring the grand jury to a successful vote against Eddie Graney, formerly a figure in the pugilistic world and a purveyor of perjured testimony. Furthermore I am informed that the Heney indictments against the officials of the United Railroads were only carried by one vote. By the way, also, I suppose at the hour of going to press, General Harrison Gray Otis is still at large?

R. H. Hay Chapman.

The Black Man in History

By STINSON JARVIS

Recently, dozens of articles about the black man have been printed—all of them based on the prejudice due to locality of birth. Not one of these goes to the facts of history for the purpose of showing what the black man has been, and what, under Providence, he may be again.

There is importance in the historical fact that the black man once ruled the world, and that the only primitive civilization of which we have a history, originated and flourished greatly with him. These truths of history have been open to public study ever since the time of Augustus, but students seem to have avoided the subject and perhaps found the historical elevation of the black to be as distasteful as were the doctrines of Darwin. There was a time when peoples now supposed to have belonged to white races preferred to call themselves by a name which identified them with the blacks because the dominant blacks had so great a reputation for piety, power, commerce and wealth that so-called whites tried to identify with acknowledged sovereignty, as the Syrians afterward called themselves Romans when they wished the protection of Rome's dreaded name. In this way many of the reddish and brown peoples, even those living east of the Arabian Seas, called themselves Cushites, because after conquest by the Ethiopians, they identified with the people of Cush who were black, and who also conquered all that part of the world of which alone we have very early history.

These blacks of the land of Cush, whose caravan routes extended in many directions, had their first kingdom far up toward the sources of the Nile, and this kingdom flourished before what we call Egypt came into existence as a region of cities. Thebes and other Nile cities which still show massive monuments, were the production of the colonies which gradually proceeded northward down the Nile from the original kingdom of the blacks in the island and district of Merce—now called by the Arabs, Merawe. These blacks were the fathers of the subsequent greatness of Egypt, except so far as this was assisted by foreign conquest. All that the priests of Isis knew of nature's secrets came by direct transmission from the fetichism of interior Africa. The wide extension of godhead which was brought down the Nile by the black colonists and their lighter descendants of mixed blood, was much later absorbed by the comparatively modern people whom we call the "ancient Greeks," and, under different

names (as Herodotus shows), worshipped the same gods and handed on similar nature-worship of fetichism which, under modified form and different naming, comes down to our own day.

But the statement that we are still immersed in fetichism contains no insult to our modern beliefs. On the contrary, it implies that fetichism was always partly right; that the human being will never get away from it and that such a result would, if possible, mean disaster. It means that that part of modern religion which will never die came from the blacks—that the teachings of Moses and of Christ that man is a spirit and capable of great powers is still with us and still with the blacks and may so remain until the world grows cold. It means that modern science, as represented by Alfred Russell Wallace and those who know most about nature, still teaches that every living creature is possessed of, or is, an animal spirit. The belief that man is a spirit, to which Herbert Spencer traced the origin of all religion, may be called the *sine qua non* of human faith, and history leaves no doubt that this natural fact of our modern religions was first in the knowledge of the people who are now, in some quarters, despised.

History also shows that those who are now our servants were once our masters. Wherever you get the black, you will find the ability to identify with a belief, and—no matter what the belief—it is known to all commanders that the best fighting power comes through this ability. We call this fanaticism, and so it is, but under Mahomet it conquered the world from Arabia to France and, as Lord Cromer thinks, would do so again but for the supremacy of modern guns. "Here's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, you big, black, boundin' beggar, for you broke a British square!" Kipling has unlimited admiration for the bravery of the Nubian black, and as the fighting ability which comes through identification with a belief is independent of the belief's correctness, the result to Europe can be guessed at when the black Mahometans of Africa get weapons allowing them something like even terms in battle.

In this new corner of the earth, in which there is great prejudice against black intermixtures, it is difficult to give readers an adequate idea of the indifference to color which is noticeable in Egypt and neighboring countries. In the Caireen bazaars you find the Persian merchants, dignified and reverend greybeards, who know nothing of Jews but unmistakably show

that their ancestors and those of the Hebrews were once the same people, and in the same city with these continuously shaded white faces I found every degree of red, black, yellow and brown, while the highest officers, covered with gold lace, were often coal-black. English students of the bible frequently remark that color is ignored in these writings. In the east it always has been so, and is so yet. The color of the Queen of Sheba gets no mention, though she came from a country where all were blacks. The sister of Moses was jealous when he married a negress, not because she was black, but because she was supposed to have powers for divination like the other Obeah women, and the prophetess Miriam objected to her province being invaded. No one can live in the winds and suns of Palestine for even four months without becoming as dark as a Moor, and in this respect all the paintings of the Nazarene are wrong in color. The original kings and people of Cush were all blacks and their lighter descendants who were mixed with the Scythian blood had never known the modern contempt of the black, which first appeared in Greece, where one of the Julian dialogues tries to make fun of a negro Egyptian sailor. Still there was always a chance for a handsomer type of black on the east coast of Africa where prehistoric Hindoo trade seems to have given the Abyssinians their straighter hair and finer features and where the mines of Solomon have recently been discovered with the Phoenician tools still in place in the 600 slave pits, together with one engraved stone showing that the Romans were there as late as 202 B. C.

The Greeks constantly spoke of the Ethiopians as we speak of the negroes, as if they were the blackest people in the world. With them "to wash the Ethiopian white" was a proverbialism applied to a hopeless attempt. Herodotus, who personally traveled through Upper Egypt in the fifth century before Christ, expressly affirms that the western Ethiopians had the most woolly hair of all people, but that the eastern Ethiopians—no doubt referring to the Abyssinians—while likewise black, had straighter hair. Strabo, a most accurate writer, quotes Theodectes (15th book, 606) who had attributed the black color and woolly hair of the Ethiopians in the vicinity of the sun. The Hebrews, who as slaves built different cities of Egypt (Ex. 1: 11), could not fail to know what a Cush was, had an expression like that of the Greeks; "Can the Cush change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" This Cush has been translated as "Ethiopian"—

a vague Greek word meaning a burned visage, and thus applicable to any race darkened by the sun's rays.

But it is certain from the mural paintings that subsequent rulers, priests and princesses of the later Egypt were lighter and reddish. There was a large influx of light-colored traders and there was a conquest by a shepherd race, supposed to be Scythians or Tartars; a light colored people who behaved with great barbarity and boasted that none of their temples and monuments were built by themselves but by those they had conquered. Yet the faces of the many sphinxes show the thick lips and the flattish nose of the negro blood. The "secret of the Sphinx," in which the earliest priesthoods told the animal evolution of man by carving a negro head on a quadruped, was first explained in a book called *The Ascent of Life* (author unknown), and the explanation in figure language which condenses the works of Darwin and Wallace is found in every portion of the land where this knowledge of the blacks was considered of such vital importance that these interpretations in stone were made practically imperishable. If I recollect rightly, this Sphinx faces northward toward the Mediterranean, and as Herodotus speaks of the priestly traditions that the present delta of the Nile did not formerly exist but was formed by the mud precipitate brought down by the river, it seems probable that the Sphinx near Cairo was built to face a Mediterranean harbor, as the Statue of Liberty faces outward at New York—both statues bearing great messages. As this idea is a new one, I hope other students will look into it for the purpose of explaining for the first time the extraordinary position of this magnificent structure, which for ages has been partly covered by the encroaching desert sands. The present Cairo is built partly of the materials of an ancient city which an old writer says extended half a day's journey in every direction, the ancient Memphis, or Metsraim, or Matsor, which Bochart identifies with "fortress." In the time of the Pharaohs, the delta was divided into four populous nomes or districts, and if Herodotus was right in his information, it places the carving of the Sphinx a long way back beyond history. The chronologies claimed by the Egyptian priests have been modernly alleged to be fabulous because they did not agree with the Hebraic chronology, but the increase of the Nile mud is accurately known and the measurements made on the monuments at Thebes show that this city was built about 2960 years B. C., and consequently 612 years before the alleged biblical deluge. In saying that the delta was formerly a deep bay or arm of the sea, Herodotus argues that the present appear-

ance of the Red Sea is that which Egypt must originally have exhibited, and that if the course of the Nile could be turned into the Arabian Gulf, it would raise its bed to the level of the surrounding coast. "I am of opinion," he adds, that this might take place even within 10,000 years. Why then might not a bay still more spacious be choked with mud in the time which passed before our age by a stream so great and powerful as the Nile?" The reasoning of Herodotus is fully borne out by the flat lands of the Punjab and at the mouths of the Colorado, the Tiber, and many other rivers. The creation of the Sphinx, concerning which there is not even a tradition, may therefore have been at a period so far distant that it faced and bordered on a sea harbor of the world's greatest water-way.

That there was a transmission of priestly sovereignty from the blacks to the subsequent reddish Egyptians was not only secured from ancient tradition, but is still shown in the mural paintings in which the blacks and the red Egyptians are distinguished by their color. These occur chiefly in Upper Egypt, particularly on the confines of Ethiopia and Egypt. Here the black and red figures are both in the costumes of priests, while the black priests are shown to be conferring on the red priests the symbols of sacerdotal office and power. At Philae and Elephantine the paintings show three priests, two of whom with black faces and hands, are pouring from two jars strings of alternate sceptres of Osiris and *cruces ansatae* over the head of the priest whose face is red. There are many sculptures and paintings which represent the same thing, and Mr. Hamilton says that these "represent the communication of religious rites from Ethiopia to Egypt. In these delineations there is a very marked and positive distinction between the black figures and those of fairer complexion, the former conferring symbols of divinity and sovereignty on the other."

"In these it is plain," says Anthon, "that the idea to be conveyed can be nothing less than this, that the red Egyptians were connected by kindred and were, in fact, the descendants of a black race, probably the Ethiopian." The frequent repetition of the same historical interpretation of history shows the origin of the ritual and faith which the priests of Isis received, and also that they were proud of it. Thus it is certain that the *cruz*, which has been the symbol of man's worship for at least five thousand years, came originally from the blacks of Africa—not having any special reference to the latest evolution of religion, but to the whole system in which man gained better conceptions of deity and thus improved while seeming to be worshipping better gods. Man improves himself through first improving his gods.

Meroe, an island at high water, is about half the size of Sicily and is filled with ruins. From this center of a negro empire proceeded many colonies. One of these was Colchis, as argued by Herodotus, because the people of Colchis were "black and woolly-haired." Another colony built Thebes and another built Ammonium. These were the three chief resting places of the interior African caravan trade, and writers seem quite agreed that, as Diodorus Siculus says, Meroe was the first city, as the ancient Ethiopian priests asserted, and that civilization followed the lines of trade down the Nile to the northward. The same writer shows that Meroe, which in later centuries was regarded as the outermost of the countries bearing gold, was the natural market place. On this path came the ivory of the subsequent Hebrew works of art, the spices for the Egyptian embalming, and nearly

all the vast quantities of cotton thus used. Until Solomon built his fleet for the East African trade, the gold he used came the same way. This was the gold of the black Macrobian, the "long-lived" Ethiopians, who lived to 120 years and longer. These people had, according to report, no other metal than gold, with which they even fettered their captives, and Cambyses lost half an army in a vain attempt to reach them.

Piety and rectitude were the first virtues of the black nation whose dominion was founded on religion, knowledge of nature, and commerce, and their Meroe is called the parent city of civilization and religion. Down to the time of Cleopatra, who was the last of the Ptolemies, there were thirty different dynasties, probably representing eras wholly outside our chronologies. Ethiopian princes and whole dynasties of them, occupied the throne of Egypt at different times and the earlier Ethiopians had the same worship of Ammon (Jupiter), the same sacerdotal order and hieroglyphic writing and rites of sepulchre as the later Egyptians. In later centuries, the pomps of religious processions were in common and the gods were carried up the Nile to the Ethiopian festivals, and returned to Egypt after the celebrations. Even at the time of Marc Antony (a comparative modern) Diodorus personally saw the Ethiopian ambassadors to Caesar and he and others leave no doubt possible that the black priesthoods of Ethiopia were the first inventors of the arts and civilization of Egypt. Consequently those who think that the black man was never competent for more than slavery had better read history.

The black priests made sanitary and agricultural uses of public religion. As in the case of Moses, the observances they enforced had inside meanings based of knowledge of nature, but very different meanings in the understandings of a densely ignorant people, who had to have a materiality in their worship. For instance, the ibis was held so sacred that its killing was punishable by death, and the

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ibis still stalks unharmed in the marshes where in great numbers he prevents further plagues of frogs, toads and snakes. The stone scarabs now found in almost every sarcophagus show that the worship of the beetle was universal.

As I pointed out last year in the *Boston Transcript*, the presence of the beetles in large numbers probably represented the difference, for the Egyptians, between years of plenty and years of famine. The people of Massachusetts would give millions for the finding of a beetle they now particularly need and, for obvious reasons, the place to find it is Egypt.

As the austere priests of Isis received their knowledge from the blacks, the real and most interesting question is, not whether the blacks

were well informed, but where they got the knowledges which, in recent centuries, are being rediscovered. How, without telescopes, did they get their astronomical facts? How, without circumnavigation, was the priest David able to say in the Psalms that the world was round in three or five different places—I forget which? The marriage of Moses to an Ethiopian prophetess is suggestive, and who knew more of nature's secrets than this great teacher who lived side by side with the black priests? That these Obeah women were able to make money out of the wisest and best of ancient times is curiously shown by the fact that both the oracle of Ammon in Libya, and the oracle of Dodona in Epirus, were started

by Ethiopian negresses. The father of history whose truths have been more and more corroborated for 2,300 years, was on such friendly terms with the priests of many countries that some have supposed him to have been initiated and he says he was told by the priests of Thebes and also those at Dodona, that two black priestesses of the temple at Thebes were stolen and sold as slaves, and that each started an oracle at the place to which she was taken by force. That both these immensely wealthy and celebrated institutions were started by Ethiopians is one more proof that the blacks of Africa have had a place in human history which has been rather too much ignored by those who like to study racial values.

The Hobbies They Ride—III

THE INDIAN PROBLEM.—FRANCIS E. LEUPP

One of the most notable of the notable strangers within our gates during the N. E. A., was Francis E. Leupp, Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

Mr. Leupp has a hobby and he doesn't care who knows it. That hobby is the Indian—not a red man painted white, but a red man left the color he was created, and changed as to exterior and interior only to the extent necessary for him to cope with the new conditions a resistless civilization has thrust upon him. In the few years this man has been in office he had done more toward putting Indian education on a rational basis than—well, more than it would be nice to his predecessors to say.

Mr. Leupp is that *rara avis*—a man who really fills the place he is trying to fill. And not only fills, but fits it to a T. When one day President Roosevelt put his hand on Mr. Leupp's shoulder and said, "I want you to do me a favor—I want you to be the Commissioner of Indian Affairs"—he picked out the man in eighty million that he should have picked. And he knew it for the two had been close friends for years.

Before that, President Cleveland had found out this man and put him on the Board of Indian Commissioners that sits in Washington—and does little else but sit. Here he staid under Cleveland, Harrison and McKinley, aspiring to no active office under the government, content to remain the Washington correspondent of the *New York Post* and study Indians and Indian art for his own edification, as he has done for twenty years.

Loyal man that he is, he put it up to Mrs. Leupp and his editor to decide what he should do with President Roosevelt's offer. Both agreed with Roosevelt, whose request was therefore granted, and ever since there has been something doing in Indian affairs.

A whole lot of people think the commissioner is a crank. Perhaps he is. But he is the sort of crank that never turns without pushing something along a notch. Every turn he makes now is one that tends to boost the Indian up on his own legs. For he believes the Indian has been allowed to squat down and be dragged or carried by the government long enough.

He believes the California Indian, plundered as he has been and refused the aid given by the government to many other tribes, is better off than these deemed more fortunate—for the reason that he has thus been forced to shift for himself. This, he holds, is the real making of a man, whether of white or red material. And he insists the time has come when the Indian must assume some responsibility for his own life; that he must

lie on the bed he makes for himself.

In the matter of educating the Indian, Mr. Leupp has radical views. He believes in compulsory education for Indian children up to a certain point. "But why," he asks, "should the Indian child be forced past the fundamentals of the grammar grade when the white child is not?"

And why, again, should the Indian child be snatched from its parents without their consent—kidnapped, if not to be secured in any other way—and taken to a boarding school a thousand or two miles away, where people try to make it forget its own tongue, its parents and the traditions of its people in their efforts to make it white?

This was the old policy of the non-reservation schools which Commissioner Leupp now declares are doomed. And when he says it, his jaw snaps shut in a way that leaves no doubt that he means it. At the last session of Congress a resolution was drawn up authorizing the sale of Hampton Institute. When referred to the commissioner for approval by the congressman who thought to further his new policy, the commissioner reminded him of the advice of Commodore Vanderbilt to young men who want to get rich quick, "Don't sell what you haven't got."

It shows how very little a great many people who tinker with Indian affairs really know when this well-meaning legislator was not aware that Hampton was not a government school at all, but a private institution where a limited number of Indian students are placed by the government.

The time was not quite ripe for the commissioner to suggest a change in the resolution. He prefers to deal gently in the matter, or, as he puts it, "If there is someone on the second floor of my house I do not wish there, I prefer to show him down the stairs rather than pitch him out the window." But the inference is plain, that out he must go.

Meanwhile, Mr. Leupp is doing everything possible to increase the efficiency of the reservation day schools, which he insists children of school age must attend, even though it be at the point of the bayonet. And this he means, as was evidenced by the fact that at his request, the President ordered out a troop of cavalry when the parents of Oraibi refused to send their children to the little day school at the foot of the mesa. Today, every child of the tribe is in school.

Always his argument to the old Indians who oppose sending their children to school is this: The Indian child has a right to an education that will fit him for his new environment, the white man's civilization, which cannot be warded off, and the parent has no right

paramount to the right of the child.

Realizing that the Indian, unlike the negro, has no desire to ape the white man, Commissioner Leupp believes in developing his native art and conceding him his tastes and his natural requirements. Warned by the breaking of health that has resulted from the transfer of Indians from their free outdoor life to the artificial conditions of the city existence, Mr. Leupp has devised a unique building of corrugated iron, wire netting and canvas awnings for the day schools which leaves the pupils as near outdoors as is possible while protecting them from severe weather and curious observers. The teachers he provides with quarters comfortable according to their lights. In years past it has been the custom to provide the Indian children with sombre toned clothing in the hope of choking out their taste for gay colors. One of the first things Mr. Leupp did was to enlist the services of an educated Indian girl in the supply department in order that Indian children might have, as far as was practicable, clothing they liked. If they wanted red, why not let them have it?

Yonder, in the schools where they are trying to turn the red man white, they never thought of allowing an expression of Indian art. They made the children draw American flags and flowers and leaves. In one of these schools

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Mr. Leupp placed Angel De Cora, an Indian girl who had been kidnapped and taken to Carlisle and later to Hampton, where she was discovered by some people who recognized in her a child of rare promise. From Hampton she was taken to Smith College and afterward put under Howard Pyle, who, when asked if she had talent replied, "No, she has something better—she has genius."

Miss De Cora did not naturally think overwell of government methods but she could not resist the arguments of Mr. Leupp that she should do something for the people along the line of art, so she accepted the position of art instructor at Carlisle and from that day the Indian children there have had instruction that developed rather than strangled their native art. Not content with righting some of the wrongs in the system of education Mr. Leupp has secured legislation that means opportunity for every Indian that shows any ambition or desire to cope with present conditions. Now under the law an Indian who shows any desire to shift for himself can receive not only his allotment of land but his individual share of the tribal fund. Given

this opportunity, he must then stand or fall, according to the stuff that's in him.

Another pet plan of the commissioner, which he hopes to see a law at the next session of Congress, is the incorporation of the various Indian tribes, and particularly those whose lands are valuable timber, mining or farming lands. The idea is that by incorporating the tribes with a directorate of Indians and one or two white agents or superintendents as ex-officio members, the properties could be developed for the benefit of the tribes by ordinary business methods.

It would take too long to tell all the plans Mr. Leupp has for giving the Indian a chance to stand on his own legs. And it will probably take more than one term of office for him to see them put into effect and the Indian freed from the upper and nether mill stones between which he has been crushed so long—the grafter and the sentimentalist. Mr. Leupp was very much in earnest when he told President Roosevelt he would act as commissioner for four years only, but if at the end of his term he could step down and leave things to a chance appointee he would not be the man that he is.

By the Way

Population 273,582.

Los Angeles has a population of 273,582. So says Dana Burks. His information is gleaned from his force of directory makers. When getting the names of people for the directory they took a census. That figure is just about right.

Not So Doleful.

To hear the wails of some of the newspaper Jeremiahs, one would think that San Francisco was hopelessly dead; that building was at a standstill; that over the city was a pall, deep and not to be dissipated. People have been reading so much of the doings of the boodling supervisors, of the craven Ruef, of the defiant Schmitz and of the comings and goings of Calhoun, Spreckels, Heney, *et al*; not to mention consideration of strikes actual and strikes possible, that the development of the city has sunk from view. I saw San Francisco on the 10th, 11th, and 12th of May, 1906, when for miles there stretched nothing but a confused mass of brick and mortar and twisted steel; when the streets were all but impassable; when the task of rebuilding seemed beyond human attainment. A little over one year later what is there? Seventy-five per cent of the debris has been cleared away. Twenty-one per cent of the burned area has been rebuilt. There are blocks, notably in Chinatown and in the old Latin Quarter where the rehabilitation is almost if not quite complete, and the buildings are far better than in the old days before the fire. In the entire burned district there is not a single block on which one or more buildings have not been erected. The greatest activity, of course, prevails in the old business heart of the city. Wherever the new structures are not yet above ground, the underground work incident to building has

been completed. San Francisco's problem of the hour is no longer debris. It is street paving. In the entire burned district there is not a foot of pavement worthy of mention. Nearly all of the sidewalks are beyond repair, although this is being remedied as buildings are completed. Before the winter season sets in, the streets should be repaved; but this without doubt, is beyond achievement in so short a period of time. Yet before conditions are tolerable every foot of basalt block, the favorite paving material, will have to come up and be relaid. And in the lower section of the city, east of Montgomery, every street must be raised from one to three feet to conform to grade. San Francisco is attacking this question with the same spirit which has animated the solution of the debris and construction problems, and two years more should see every street pavement in excellent shape.

How Much?

Many of my readers are not familiar with San Francisco. Should the question arise as to how much work has been done in San Francisco, you can answer, roughly, that in one year buildings equal in capacity to three quarters of all the buildings in the business district of Los Angeles, have been erected or made habitable. It is really amazing, all things considered, how much has been done. Immediately after the fire, some of San Francisco's optimists said that the city would be rebuilt in two years. Knowing the old city thoroughly, knowing that for fifty years the place had been growing, I said to myself, "These fellows are cheerful chaps all right, but if the city is rebuilt in twenty years it is about all that is possible." Nowadays the other fellow's optimism and my own pessimism are closer together. Nearly everybody whom you meet says five years. I am willing to accept that with amendments: five years if the open shop rules; five years if the cost of brick laid in a wall is less than \$24 per thousand, which is about the rate that building costs today. There are plenty of property owners who would start building at once if conditions were fairer to the man who has the money to invest. As it is, I am told that at least \$10,000,000 worth of buildings which

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would be under way this month were the labor situation serene, are now securely held in the architects' offices waiting for the "clouds to roll by."

How It Operates.

To realize how the high price of labor is interfering with construction, I will quote a friend of mine, a merchant, who possesses ample worldly goods. "My business, as you know," said he, "is in fine shape. My home wasn't burned, and most of my investments were outside of the fire zone. Well, I have a good property on Kearny street. I have collected the insurance money on the old buildings, which you may remember had a frontage of sixty feet. I haven't done a thing with these lots except to clean them up a bit. The insurance money is in a savings bank and is being held as a rebuilding fund. Now I am content with six per cent net on a building investment. I cannot rebuild and get six per cent from the tenants I would have. Building is too high; the price of labor forbids my reconstructing. So I am sitting down and waiting. The lots are paid for and I can afford it. Maybe I will build in a year or two, but not now." There are hundreds like this man.

A. W. Edelman.

With a sense of deep personal loss I record the death of Rabbi A. W. Edelman. His history and achievements in his chosen field of labor have been told by the dailies. His life was a benediction. He adhered to the old ways; the faith of the fathers satisfied him and he was content to follow its teachings and abide by its merits. I knew Dr. Edelman as an occasional and always welcome visitor at newspaper offices. Whenever asked, he could always be depended upon for timely and interesting articles on the Feast Days, their origin and meaning. Little by little I grew to know more of the gentle, kindly old man and of his worth. Of late years I never met him without getting a warm grasp of the hand—a grasp that was like unto Francis Murphy's. Occasionally our conversation drifted into religious channels and from him I learned much of the lofty philosophy of the Jewish faith. I shall never forget his estimate of Jesus, drawn out in friendly conversation with him one night in the *Herald* office. The time was late; the work drawing to a close and it was a relief to hear him. "One of the greatest Jews in history" was his comment on Jesus Christ. "Everything in history worth while in the last nineteen hundred years goes back to a Jew. The civil and political history of Europe rests on a Jew; the revival of learning that followed the Crusades was due to the influence of a Jew. Every great moral reform has had its origin with a Jew." As he spoke his face was all but inspired. My mind wandered to a scene in *Men and Women*, an old time play. The scene is laid in the house of Israel Cohn, banker, one of the characters in the play. The windows of the house are lighted up, showing a likeness of Jesus. Israel Cohn is asked why. "What more appropriate in the house of a Jew than the likeness of a Jew?" he asks in reply.

Yes, Dr. Edelman led a wholesome, sane, rational life. He has gone in the fullness of years, leaving behind works that will endure. Peace to him.

The *Hotel Majestic*, corner of Sutter and Gough streets, is the best place to stay in San Francisco. First class service for first class people. Gustav Mann, formerly of Los Angeles, manager.

Preparing for Admission Day Sports



ON THE LINKS AT DEL MONTE

With the single exception of the San Francisco Golf Club's eighteen hole links at Ingleside, the course at Del Monte is the best in the state. Del Monte indeed may well be called the headquarters of California Golf for it is as near the central point for devotees of the game from both north and south as there is in the state. For the last seven or eight years golfers have turned to Del Monte as their Mecca, and the number of tournaments held there each year increases, while the beautiful nine hole links is being constantly improved.

The Pacific Coast Championship held at Del Monte in May proved a disappointment because of the small number of entries. The management, however, held a very successful tournament during Fourth of July week, and intends to repeat its success in the week preceding Admission Day.

A grand tournament is scheduled commencing Monday, September 2, and lasting throughout the week, while on Monday, September 9, Admission Day, besides golf there will be a tennis tournament and a number of attractive automobile races.

Manager H. R. Warner is himself a keen

golfer and takes a great interest in the links. Many golfers remember his strenuous left-handed game when he was manager of the Redondo Hotel. Mrs. Warner is also in the first flight of women golfers, and this summer has won several of the week-end events which have been a feature of the summer season.

Special inducements are being offered to golfers from Southern California to attend the tournament next month. Reduced rates, both on the railroad and at the hotel, are promised, and it is hoped that a number of players from Los Angeles and vicinity will take advantage of these inducements.

As usual, the Pacific Improvement Company presents a very liberal list of prizes and trophies for competition. The events will include competitions for both men and women and very interesting series of match play are promised.

Mr. C. W. Kelley, representing the Hotel Del Monte, was in the city last week and advises the *Graphic* that there is every prospect that the September tournament will beat the record of golf successes at Del Monte.

Peck's Ovation.

With Tom Peck, the popular general passenger agent of the Salt Lake Route, back from his trip east, which I understand was one continuous ovation in the shape of banquets, dinners, luncheons, symposia, and the like, and genial Tom Bowes, the district passenger agent, in the east seeking rest—and business as well—the Salt Lake passenger department still continues to get along without the

local services of its right bowers. Bowes is just now in New York, where he is getting his first view of the big buildings and the roof gardens. It was Tom Peck's first visit east since he commenced to sign his name general passenger agent and he took full advantage of the new and becoming title. As soon as T. C.—as the boys of the Salt Lake passenger department term their chief—recovers from the effects of the series of spectacular enter-

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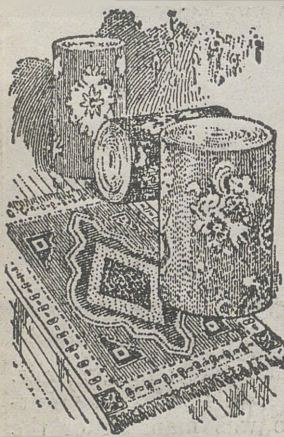
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tainments that were arranged for his benefit, he will once more be in a position to receive advertising agents, his friends and any one else who wants to get anything or give anything to the Salt Lake Route.

F. B. Long Piano. Unequalled in tone.

Ferguson.

Many people in Los Angeles remember the Rev. Wilbert P. Ferguson, who was once pastor of a Methodist church on Boyle Heights. A week or ten days ago the daily papers gave an account of charges of immorality filed against him at Lincoln, Neb., where he is pastor of a church. Mr. Ferguson, it appears, has been suspended "from all ministerial services and church privileges until the ensuing session of the Nebraska Annual Conference." Beautiful! Lovely!! But the punishment which the Rev. Wilbert P. Ferguson deserves is not suspension for anything he may or may not have done in Nebraska, but a thorough beating for a churlish trick perpetrated on a worthy lady whom he promised to marry here. The *Times* exploited this action of Mr. Ferguson's and then apologized, I understand, because the lady stood up for him rather than injure his prospective career in Nebraska. The *Times* is hereby invited to return to the charge. It wields the blacksnake and the bludgeon more vigorously than I do, perhaps from greater familiarity with these weapons. If the *Times* will punish Mr. Ferguson as it once started in to do, it will scarcely lay on a blow amiss. Mr. Ferguson is an able man but the ministry is no place for one of his talents.

Southern Californians visiting San Francisco cannot do better than stay at the Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough. First class accommodation and service for first class people. Gustav Mann, manager, formerly of Los Angeles.

Tully Marshall.

Considerable newspaper space has been utilized in informing the local public that Mrs. Tully Marshall is visiting her sister, Mrs. Dr. Burton, at Ocean Park. But none of the local journalists, and especially those whose chief work it is to chronicle theatrical happenings, has seen fit to remark that Mr. Tully Marshall is with his clever and brilliant better half, and, incidentally, that Mr. Marshall is the good actor who, a year or more ago, stepped into Lionel Barrymore's place in *The Other Girl* at the Mason when Mr. Barrymore was compelled to leave his company in a Texas town to attend the funeral of his father. People who follow the theatrical doings of the town cannot repress a mild snicker when they recall how every bright young man who figures on the newspaper pay rolls as a dramatic critic "fell" for the resemblance of Marshall—programmed as Lionel Barrymore—and mentioned how much he resembled his late parent, physically as well as artistically. Mr. Marshall still has those splendid criticisms he got in Los Angeles and every time he feels the least bit blue he pulls out his scrap book and reads what Messrs. Johnson, Cline, et al., had to say about his Barrymoresque acting. It is worth while remarking *en passant* that Mr. and Mrs. Marshall will be "in our midst" for a few weeks yet, during which time Mrs. Marshall—her stage name as well as her nom de plume is Marian Fairfax—will put the finishing touches to a play she has just about completed.

Not Sworn Enemies.

No, dear reader, Otheman Stevens, the dramatic critic of the *Examiner* and John Blackwood, manager of the Belasco theater, are

not sworn enemies, as you might suppose when reading Steven's Sunday matinee girl's letters, which, I'll wager, he writes to himself as show copy is mightily dull these warm days. Any Tuesday afternoon the critic of the *Examiner* and the manager of the Belasco theater may be seen occupying neighboring chairs at the Orpheum. But if Stevens survives the newest story Blackwood is relating about him, their friendship will never be shattered for the test is the ultimate one. It is to the effect that one night Stevens, after a business visit to the Burbank theater hastened to the Belasco and merrily informed Blackwood that Ollie Morosco had secured Charles Klein's newest play, *Daughters of Men*. "Huh," grunted Blackwood, after "the general's" most approved fashion, "that's no good." He excused himself from the *Examiner* writer, however, and calling a messenger boy, wired to the Belasco agent in New York to secure *Daughters of Men* at once. The future Belasco announcements will contain the Klein play, all of which Blackwood avers, is due to his friend Stevens innocently betraying a piece of news before it was printed, which was just as unprofessional on Otheman's part as it was for Blackwood to take advantage of the information. Now, dear reader, if you notice Blackwood and Stevens accompanying each other to the Tuesday Orpheum matinees, you'll know that their Damon and Pythias friendship survives even the unprofessionalism of both.

Rot!

For ineffable rot of impurest ray serene read the article entitled *Uncle John Back Again*, published in the *Times* of Wednesday morning. The *Times* should be ashamed of publishing such drivel about John Bryson and his housekeeper, Gladys Lamberton. Old John Bryson would be in better business saying his prayers than figuring in this wretched mess. The article could have been written by one of three persons—an old stager in the newspaper business, a driveling high school girl with a head full of "romance," or a half baked boy of twenty. I incline to the theory that an old stager had a hand in the writing. Listen, quoting from the *Times*—

Mrs. Lamberton, in a dainty kitchen costume, answered the door-bell.

"You must excuse me," said Mrs. Lamberton, blushing prettily, "but I am maid of all work. You know we have no help, and I am doing the cooking, besides waiting on Uncle Johnnie. We have been home since Thursday, though scarcely anyone knows we are here. Isn't that delicious? We are enjoying ourselves without anybody to bother us.

"Oh, yes. Uncle Johnnie is in the best of health. He stood the journey well—better than I expected. He is as happy and contented as can be. Why he never wants for a thing, and he is as good-tempered and pleasant as a man of half his years."

And isn't that cute and nice! Now listen to Uncle John, again quoting from the *Times*—

"They wanted to appoint my wife as guardian over me. Why she's 83 and never had but three day's schooling in her life. She couldn't run up a column of figures to save her life.

"Gladie looks after me as no one else could. Why she watches me every minute to see that I don't stumble. I never want for anything. Why, she's the best woman on earth."

"Ain't it awful, Mabel?"

A Grand Motto.

"Be ye temperate in all things." This comes vividly to my understanding every evening that I peruse the billingsgate in the *Evening Express* directed against General Otis by E. Tobias Earl—a deacon in the church, a howling dervish concerning what strictly temperate men should drink, and a pretended goody-goody along all lines, not even excepting divorces and rebates on fruits. "Be ye temperate in all things," reads this smug

sinners from his testament Sundays and then he proceeds to villify the editor whom he dislikes, during the other six days of each week. What a travesty on religious pretense; what a strenuous disregard of the sayings of that Master after whom E. Tobias assumes to pattern; what a hideous mockery of all that is good and temperate and exemplary! One of the most detestable characters created by Charles Dickens was "Uriah Heep," who, under the garb of the most crawling goodness and abject humility, conceals a diabolic hatred and malignity. Another one of Dickens's loathsome characters is "Pecksniff," a psalm-singing hypocrite so thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of falsehood that he is moral even in drunkenness and canting even in shame and discovery. Moliere created "Tartuffe," a very Nestor of hypocrites, who used the garb of religion to cover his hatred and deceit. But I have departed from my original theme; for none of these despicable calumniators, nor even "Thersites," to boot, have to do with the great and good E. Tobias Earl—not on your life.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequalled in tone.

Banning Decision.

With no desire to criticize the decision of Judge N. P. Conrey, I regard it as a peculiar turn in the wheel of fortune that the Banning Company should be forced to relinquish Catalina as a closed territory after they have expended years of energy and millions of dollars in developing what has come to be regarded as one of the most remarkable pleasure resorts in the world. Good lawyers always have known that sooner or later such a decision probably would be rendered, but the Bannings have been living in the hope that the end should be delayed as long as possible. It will not surprise me if the Harriman interests become busy at once and place an opposition steamer line into service to and from some point on the island and the mainland. That the passenger fare will be seriously cut, however, I am loath to believe. It has been whispered for more than two years that Henry E. Huntington has been an owner in the Banning Company and certain recent incidents point to the suspicion being well founded.

Stopped.

People who go to Catalina will not care half so much for the announcement of Judge Conrey's decision that Avalon is to be a free port as for the Bannings putting a stop to the line up of islanders when the Cabrillo and the Hermosa make their landings and deposit their passengers. The remarks of the people in the line became so obnoxious that Hancock Banning finally concluded to put a stop to it and last week the edict went forth, chalk lines were established and now the visitor to Catalina may make the trip without being insulted by a lot of thoughtless young boys and girls.

Not A Real Colonel.

Speaking of Catalina, "Colonel" Andy Mulligan, who manages the Pilgrim Club, vows that he is not a really truly colonel, but being from Louisville, where he was manager of the Louisville Athletic Club, he got in the habit of being called "colonel," and when he had his cards printed the military handle came so easy to his lips that his fountain pen naturally wrote the title when making out the copy for the printer.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequalled in tone.

Inside of Deal.

Most of us interested have not decided definitely whether the alleged sale of the *Herald* is a real transaction or a sort of intangible journalistic mollycoddle, a passing of the property from the Otis-Chandler right hand to the Chandler-Otis left mitt, as it would be termed in high class sporting circles. I confess that, at first glance, the thing did not look good to me. Reflection, however, brings to the surface a state of facts that may lead to another conclusion after a time. If, for instance, Mr. C. D. Willard has anything to do with the paper's editorial policy, it will be a lead pipe cinch that the *Times* influence no longer is in control. In truth, the Otis control of the *Herald* has been regarded by most of us as a joke almost from the first, and all attempts to disprove that the paper was not owned by General Otis failed from the beginning in spite of the General's apparent cunning. That the *Herald's* peculiar ownership has not resulted in more serious losses to the *Times* in real money, is the fault of the *Examiner* and *Express*. Neither journal possessed the brains to use the fact of the *Herald's* ownership to its own particular advantage. In any other community except Los Angeles, such a condition would not have been tolerated a moment. Imagine a paper, such as the *Times*, owning a democratic rival and each professing to be the real goods from its own particular point of view. And, on top of it all, General Otis never possessed the courage to make of the *Herald* an open shop composing room.

Burke's Voucher.

Major W. R. Burke insists that the sale is *bona fide*, else he would have nothing to do with it and, knowing him as I do, I feel certain that Major Burke would not as a stool pigeon for any one. A similar statement will apply to Judge D. K. Trask, and to T. E. Gibbon, although the latter admits a fondness for General Otis and an admiration for the *Times*. This may be seen by he who walks past the corner of First street and Broadway in the shape of a tablet placed there through Gibbon's energy. That memorial was intended to typify the valiant contest waged a dozen years ago by the *Times* for what was expected to prove a free harbor at San Pedro. What a lot of ancient history and good copy that contest brings to the front. I shall not, however, revamp here a story that never tires in the telling.

Gibbon's Connection.

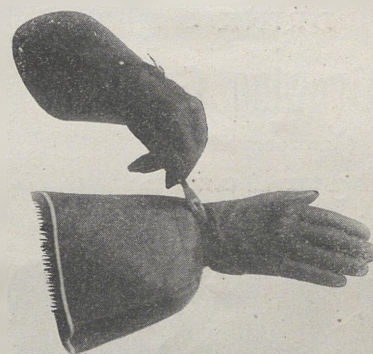
As far as T. E. Gibbon is concerned, he once before was an owner in the *Herald*. It was in the days before the present era of prosperity struck Southern California and there was no *Examiner*. William J. Bryan had not then turned the Democratic party down side up and the *Herald* possessed character and lots of assets equally valuable. The Gibbon ownership in the property was not large and it did not last long. When the paper was sold—I think it was to Colonel John Bradbury—Mr. Gibbon and his friends had realized some cash profit in the transaction as I recall it. Thomas E. Gibbon is a most excellent citizen and if he is to be the *Herald's* real editor, the paper will make itself a power. Especially is this true in the event that the redoubtable Major W. R. Burke is permitted a voice in the *Herald's* management. You may not enjoy the personal acquaintance of W. R. Burke but if you want to know a chap who always has a chip for all that is not true blue and who has never been known to raise the

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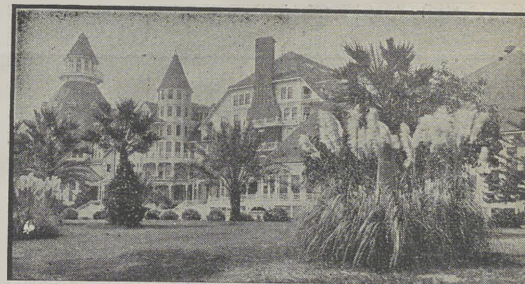
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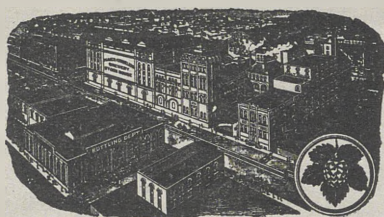
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white flag, get acquainted with W. R. Burke, whose enemies among the rank and file of the democratic party organization are as many as the sands upon the seashore. Burke enjoys the friendship of William J. Bryan and Tom L. Johnson and, as I have written, will be a chap well worth while in active journalism. He has been making money in real estate for several years, is worth half a million dollars, all made decently, and lives in Berkeley Square. The square is aristocratic, every foot of it and it cost Burke a big chunk of real money to float the property. He owned it in the rough—bought it as acreage at about \$300 an acre. Now it is worth \$100 a front foot and most of it still belongs to W. R. Burke. Before he came to Southern California, twenty years ago, W. R. Burke was an active newspaper man back in Arkansas.

Lane's Interest.

Few persons know that under the Otis ownership of the *Herald*, Franklin K. Lane, Interstate Commerce Commissioner and Democratic candidate for Governor of California and for Mayor of San Francisco, was a director. I doubt if Lane knew at the start that he was to be used by General Otis. He probably permitted himself to be influenced in the matter for the sake of friendship of Frank G. Finlayson. Lane, by the way, wrote the report roasting E. H. Harriman that will become history as part of the Interstate Commerce Commission findings recently made public, and in that report the Southern Pacific appears to have gotten a lemon. Franklin K. Lane was "guaranteed" to E. H. Harriman, I happen to know, else Mr. Harriman's merry men in the United States senate would never have consented to Mr. Lane's confirmation.

Is Earl In?

A birdling whispers to me that E. Tobias Earl is associated in the latest attempt to rejuvenate the *Herald*. I have also heard that the paper is to continue along its former lines with no changes in its editorial staff. For the sake of the new owners, I hope the latter story is incorrect. What the *Herald* needs is not only an entirely new deal, but a new name and, incidentally, a new price. The alleged Earl ownership probably is buncombe, similar to the persistent tale that the recent sale was bogus. I think both of these yarns are due to the fact that T. E. Gibbon is personally on very friendly terms with the owners of the *Times* as well as of the *Express*.

Otis Renovating.

That reminds me that General H. G. Otis is renovating another personal possession—the pretty house out on Wilshire boulevard. The place adjoins that of E. Tobias Earl, as nearly all of us know, and whether or not the principal owner of the *Times* is to build a spite fence that shall keep his well disposed neighbor where he belongs, deponent sayeth not. I have heard entirely different reasons for the proposed change of the Bivouac and they include, I am informed, the addition of several chambers necessary to making it comfortable for such guests as may be invited to the proposed house parties that will be a feature of the Otis mansion under the expected new conditions. At any rate, my only hope in the matter is that both parties to the contract shall live long and prosper.

Loucks.

Robert G. Loucks's appearance before the supervisors as champion for the dear people in their contest for a square deal with corporations owning public utility franchises, did not

create in the breasts of some of us that enthusiasm to which the subject was entitled. Mr. Loucks was the democratic aspirant for congress in the Los Angeles district two years ago and, while his enthusiasm is cleanly and may be commendable, some of us who have been shorn have an idea that Mr. Loucks may be again the opponent of Congressman James McLachlan and, being from Missouri, we would like to be shown.

Brownson.

Admiral Brownson, at the head of the bureau of navigation in the navy department, who has been in the public eye much, recently, on account of the Japanese war scare, numbers his friends by the hundreds in Los Angeles, and throughout Southern California from Santa Barbara to San Diego. He was in command of the Pacific coast fleet for years and a son is at present a resident of Oxnard, where he owned and edited a weekly newspaper until recently. The younger Brownson, by the way, is considerable of a socialist in theory as well as in practice, I am informed. He is said to hold a strong dislike toward the capitalistic class.

Who Owns Stock?

I wonder what member of the *Times* editorial staff is a stockholder in certain well-known oil corporations that are paying handsome dividends? These particular companies are continually boosted there and the *Express* also is an offender in the same particular. It may be possible, of course, that in both papers the men highest up really are responsible for this particular tainted news. I have no disposition to interfere with the love affairs

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of any one, but the thing does not look real good to me.

The Jury's Advantage.

Two friends had been discussing the pros and cons of the Glass trial in San Francisco when one remarked: "What makes you think those jurors are thoroughly informed about the case?"

"They have been locked up every night and not permitted to read the newspapers," explained the other, sententiously.

An eastern gentleman—college graduate—is prepared to give lessons in bridge whist to ladies or gentlemen at their residences, day or evening. Terms reasonable. Address, A. B. C., care *Graphic*.

Mizner's New Plunge.

Wilson Mizner, the young San Franciscan, who came into rather unpleasant notoriety when he married the widow of the late Charles T. Yerkes, of Chicago and London street railroad fame, has lost his heart again, this time to Mrs. Helen Green, a young newspaper writer whose work on a number of New York daily papers—and the sporty *Morning Telegraph* in particular—has won for her the reputation of being one of the brightest writers of the day. Even James L. Ford—himself something of a professional humorist—avows with uplifted right digit that Mrs. Green is the only woman who is at present pounding a typewriter for a living who possesses the saving grace of humor. And, as Ford has said it, so must it be. Anyway, Mizner threatens to settle down and become a respected as well as respectable member of society, now that his second marriage license fee has been paid. Since his divorce from the once Mrs. Yerkes, Mizner has turned his attention to writing for the stage, his most successful effort being a vaudeville sketch that was recently produced. Mrs. Green is from Minneapolis, where she conducted a newspaper when she was fifteen years of age. For years she was a wanderer over the better portion of the western country and was one of the first newspaper writers to invade Alaska after the find of pay dirt up there. She has figured as the owner of a racing stable and in the horse world, as the sporting fraternity understands the phrase, she is a prominent personage. Her first marriage was to Bert Green, a vaudeville performer whose specialty is playing rag time on the piano. Under the name Helen Green she has been conspicuously successful with some allegedly humorous articles entitled, *At the Actors' Boarding House* and the better ones of the series have

found their way 'tween covers. What with Mizner once more matrimonially tamed and Mrs. Mizner doing newspaper stunts the Mizner family seems in a fair way to winning honors in the realm of letters.

Vetter Consulted.

Trust Louis Vetter to be left out in the cold when there is anything in the way of a social entertainment to be promoted. I understand that the popular bachelor of the California and Sunset Clubs has been the only male person who has been consulted by the women who are to have charge of the big charity entertainment in the early fall. The exact date has not been decided upon, but there is good reason to believe that at least three nights at the Mason will be devoted to the affair.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in Tune.

Frenzied Disappointment.

Samuel Blythe, he of the \$30,000 a year and the gossipy pen has thrown a lot of us who are his admirers, into a state of frenzied disappointment. The second of the Blythe papers in the *Saturday Evening Post*, wherein Los Angeles was to have the center of the stage, was not forthcoming last week as had been promised in large poster type. And as the next chapter is promised to Seattle, by the same sign of the times, we who are interested are wondering what happened to Blythe's plans. It cannot be possible that because the Chamber of Commerce was engaged when Blythe was of and among us, that the gossiping Samuel wrote so cuttingly that his editor suppressed the story. Else what has really happened? I hope to be able to lift the veil of mystery next week.

Milton K. Young.

Again I shall point with pride to the excellent services rendered to Los Angeles by the Associated Press in times of great emergency. Here is Milton K. Young gone to Alaska on a vacation. Now to some of us the name of Milton K. Young is a household word; to others it is not, even if Mr. Young is a member of the Civil Service Commission of this growing metropolis; and if he has been chairman of the Democratic County Central Committee of Los Angeles. Up in San Francisco, however, the Associated Press headquarters appears to be convinced that we down here are a lot of "rubes," for the day of Milton K. Young's arrival there we got hundreds of words of telegraph attesting in a most joyous fashion to that fact. And, stranger still, the telegraph editor of the *Times* thinks the news of sufficient importance to publish it under headlines

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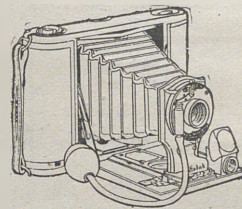
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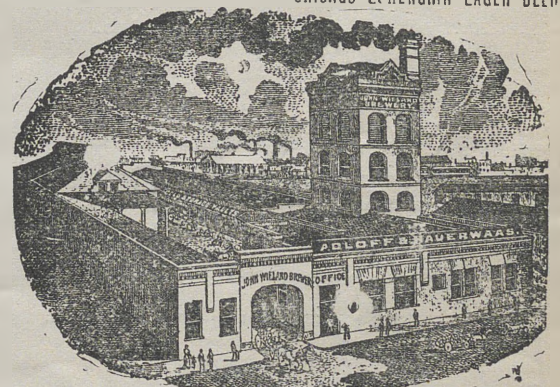
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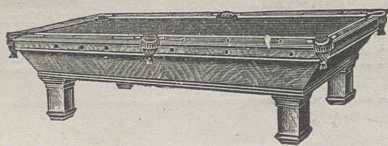
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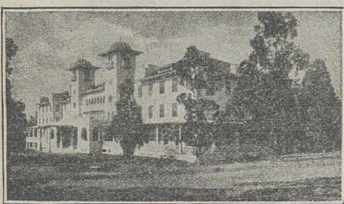
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that prove its importance. When Milton K. Young, an estimable citizen, is at home the *Times* does not believe his goings or comings to be of any real interest and his name is kept out of the columns of that great religious journal under pain of dismissal for the offending reporter or editor who knows so little of the paper's policy as to violate what has come to be regarded as a cardinal rule in the Chandler-Otis stone castle at First and Broadway.

Harper's Oil Field.

Hurrah for Mayor Harper, who, not to be outdone by his political mentor, Meredith P. Snyder, has gone and had someone will him a ten thousand acre oil field with wells all ready for the tapping. I am informed that the Doheny petroleum bonanza down in Mexico is not a marker for the Utah holding uncovered last week by the mayor and his friends. Let us all hope that the facts are as they have been set forth by the press agents. In the meantime, what has become of the several million gulden that were left to M. P. Snyder by a great grand uncle or something, over by the Zuyder Zee?

McCraney.

Do you recall H. A. McCraney? Probably not. Yet only a few short years ago McCraney was one of the best known characters in the politics of California. He owned a little weekly in Sacramento in the first Bryan campaign and, by reason of his enthusiasm for the white metal cause, he was elected secretary of the combined Silver Republican and Democratic State Central Committee that year. Recently McCraney went to Nevada where in the new gold fields he has waxed fat and prosperous. Our old friend, Mark Plaisted, who was of the *Fresno Democrat* when last heard of, also has turned up in the Nevada "diggings." Mark is secretary of the Gold-field Chamber of Commerce or something like that.

Hot At Imperial.

Down in the Imperial section things are waxing most uncomfortable just at this time, and the daily press has just awakened to a story that I sprung in this column more than six weeks ago. The last legislature enacted a law that perns its county division and during the next year it is expected that, in addition to the divorcement of the Imperial country from San Diego, that the Pomona section will seek to detach itself from Los Angeles county. The war is on in the first named battle with little opposition in San Diego to the new county. And who do you suppose is the new county leader? None other than the well-known scholar and gentleman, Hon. M. W. Conkling.

Conkling.

Ever hear of Conkling? Probably so, probably not. Yet for years he was a leader in Thomas McCaffery's faction of militant Los Angeles county democracy. At one time Conkling was a single tax advocate and for a time he practiced law in Los Angeles. He always was a delegate in democratic local and state conventions, and few of his friends even knew that he had shaken the dust of Los Angeles off his feet. It is said he is the boss of the proposed new county, in all parties, and after the new county shall be doing business it is dollars to doughnuts that M. W. Conkling will represent the new division in the state government in the legislature. During the last session, Conkling was in Sacramento lobbying for the Broughton county division

enabling act. He worked so hard in committee that he soon aroused the ire of Senator Wright, of San Diego, who insisted that he alone represented the Imperial section. Conkling is smooth in the game of practical politics and, instead of fighting Wright, he made his peace with him and it was not until after the session had adjourned that the San Diego senator realized how badly he had been done by interests from Los Angeles.

Art Exhibit.

The Fine Arts League is feeling public sentiment and the pulse of artists with a view of ascertaining whether an Exhibition of paintings by California artists next October will meet with support. If there is a united feeling among the artists as to the desirability of such a proposition, and if a suitable place can be found in which to hold the exposition, the matter will take more definite shape.

De Longpre and Burdette.

Everett Lloyd's *Vagabond*, published in Los Angeles—the paper is published only once in each city—has given us a new view of ourselves. Lloyd says we have only two great men, Paul de Longpre and Robert J. Burdette. Pshaw!—I could name a dozen. There is Charles F. Lummis and General Otis and Tobey Earl and General Sherman and Walter Parker and Clara Shortridge Foltz and Rev. Wiley J. Phillips and Benny Cohn—oh, heavens, there are plenty of them.

Seriously.

Seriously, Lloyd hit the nail on the head in two instances. Dr. Burdette has written out his vein of humor, but he has other qualities that go to make up greatness. I have always felt that de Longpre wasn't appreciated here. He has been eight years a resident and he has sold about \$1,000 worth of pictures in that time to citizens of this place. Any street sweeper in Los Angeles has earned at least \$500 a year, or a total of \$4,000 in eight years—four times what de Longpre has earned. Yes, we appreciate greatness here.

Looking Backward.

It is sometimes illuminating to look backward. It is almost an axiom that every man's hand is raised against the legislature as an

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institution but, sometimes, it is given to the much abused member of the legislature to do good. But then it is not always the case that the good accomplished is given recognition. And thereby hangs a tale. It may be forgotten that the members of the legislature from Los Angeles county did yeoman service in behalf of Owens River legislation, at a time when help was most needed. Nor should it be assumed that the service was rendered without opposition. "Whenever a Southern California head sticks up, hit it," is a rule that is blindly followed up north, and the Owens River project was opposed for no good reason whatever. But the legislation was passed. The other day Assemblyman Phil Stanton received a letter from the City Clerk of Los Angeles embodying a resolution of thanks passed by the City Council to the members of the legislature from Los Angeles county, setting forth that the Owens River legislation was accomplished only because of the loyal support and assiduous efforts of the delegation, and especially commending Mr. Stanton, "who displayed conspicuous skill and energy against opposition encountered in the Assembly." The Board of Public Works also passed a similar resolution, declaring that "the formidable opposition in the House was overcome by the energy and influence of our representatives, headed by Messrs. Stanton and Transue, and the passage of the bill secured." Due credit was given the other members of both senate and house in the resolutions. This delegation has been referred to at times as a "machine" delegation. Could a non-partisan delegation have done any better? Which recalls the fact that certain members of the Los Angeles delegation received a letter of hearty thanks for their efforts in behalf of local street lighting legislation three years ago, signed by men who were exceedingly active in opposing the re-election of the same members and who were prominent in the non-partisan movement. A "machine" is not necessarily bad, just because it is a machine.

Senator Bell.

Writing again of the legislature, and while the time is as yet distant nearly two years, I am wondering where Senator Bell finally will align when it comes to the republican senatorial caucus getting ready to select a successor to the redoubtable George C. Perkins. Bell is in excellent shape to render to his constituency valuable service in Sacramento next year. I believe him honest, and his eye teeth should have been properly cut for the next session. Last year the Pasadena senator did not display that remarkable wisdom at the state capital that his admirers had expected and the "bulls" he made during the sixty-five days session would have put the ordinary push member out of business. In the case of Senator Bell, all of us were willing to put a mantle of charity over the situation in the belief that the mistakes he has made certainly will not occur again.

F. B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.

No Secretary.

Aspirants and others interested had better take their annual summer vacations in peace. There will be no selection of a secretary of the new highway commission until after the bonds for the new roads are approved. For the present, the clerical labor of the board will be performed from the office of the county surveyor. I hear the clerkship in the new board was offered to Albert Searl, who insists that he is out of the daily newsgathering game for keeps. Searl, having the fate of Otheman

Stevens and other good fellows in mind, very properly declined the job and its politics with thanks. Once before Searl turned down a place that promised much. It was in the second term of M. P. Synder as mayor, I believe. Snyder offered Searl the mayor's clerkship and the latter answered in the negative. I am reliably informed that A. P. Fleming, who is a candidate, will not land the highway clerkship which will go to a newspaper man who, at present, is city hall reporter on the *Evening News*, and who is said to be eminently qualified to perform the duties of the position. I confess with me it will always be a case of preference for the working newspaper man when it comes to passing out cuts of political pie.

Alexander Satisfied.

I heard Supervisor George Alexander last Saturday declaiming that the new highway board is constituted just as it should be, and that bonds for new roads will have his most enthusiastic support. Good for Mr. Alexander, if he has been made to see the error of his former point of view. Now, with all pulling together, the bonds will carry, and then with the funds expended as they will be, Los Angeles will have the finest road system in the west, if not in the United States.

Highway Law.

And that is a reminder, now that the cruel war is nearly ended with an armistice declared, the law under which the highway board was really was drawn by the leaders of the regular republican organization. This in spite of the claim made by others that they are responsible. The fact is that when the committee from Los Angeles arrived in Sacramento during the last session of the legislature, with the proposed new highway act, they were advised to submit the bill in question to Walter F. Parker. This was done. Parker worked the proposed act over thoroughly, until it suited him, and then he gave instructions for its passage. Proof of this statement is the fact that under the law, the highway board as such is absolutely powerless, its acts, all of them, being subject to review by the board of supervisors. Who controls the board of supervisors? And who will control the board next time? Ask the *Evening Express*, and E. Tobias Earl.

Woolwine.

Woods R. Woolwine, formerly of Nashville, Tennessee, together with his wife and youngest son, Beverly, have come to Los Angeles to make their permanent home. Their son Clare preceded them several months and is employed in the National Bank of California but will go to Stanford University next month for a four years' course. Mr. Woolwine is a brother of W. D. Woolwine, and has taken a substantial interest in the A. H. Busch Company, in which business he will have an active part. They are at present visiting at the residence of W. D. Woolwine, 3601 Downey avenue, but have taken a house at 3719 Downey avenue. On severing his connection with the Kemker-Woolwine Candy and Cracker Company, of Nashville, on July 1, the employees of the company, numbering one hundred and twenty-five, presented Mr. Woolwine with a handsome gold watch and charm as evidence of their appreciation and esteem.

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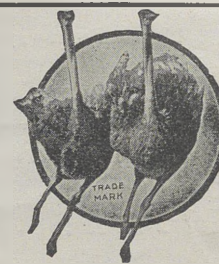
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The Sabbath Day.

An old-time miner blew in from Arizona on Sunday last, and was athirst to the three finger degree the moment he struck the Hollenbeck, and as soon as he had registered he gasped, "Where's the bar?" When the Chesterfieldian clerk informed him that no potables such as ambrosially titilate the esophagus could be obtained in Los Angeles on the Sabbath, the man from Arizona remarked, "Well, if I had arrived here yesterday and the Jews were running your blasted old town. I would have been in the same fix—I couldn't have got a thimbleful. Or if I had been blown in on Friday and your durned old municipality was in the hands of the Turks I couldn't have got an eye-opener. Say! Tomorrow is the Sunday of the Greeks, Tuesday of the Persians, Wednesday of the Assyrians, and Thursday of the Egyptians. If these were all in control I'd have to hunt up a blind pig."

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in Tone.

Reo Breaks Record.

A Reo stock touring car, driven by Harris Hanshue, last Wednesday broke all records for the San Diego run by just two hours. The car started from the Alexandria hotel at 4:30 a. m., arriving at Oceanside at 8:10 and at the Brewster hotel, San Diego, at 10:15, making the distance of 140 miles in five hours and forty-five minutes. The car made an average of 24 1-3 miles an hour. The previous record was seven hours and forty-five minutes; so that the Reo would have gone to San Diego and a third of the way back in the previous record time. Hanshue was accompanied by August Oberlin. This was a real endurance run, over country roads, in which, at the speed accomplished, the car was subjected to the severest possible tests. The greater the speed, under the existing conditions, the severer the test, but the Reo arrived in splendid condition. A regular stock car, engine 4 3-4 bore with six inch stroke was used, such as has been sold here during the past three or four years. When its record is equalled or surpassed, the Reo will try again.

Improve It.

Just west of the city limits, Pico street for a distance of four or five blocks is in abominable condition. It is the duty of the supervi-

sors to make the needed repairs and that *very pronto*. The road has been cut up by subdivision graders and left in wretched shape. The city has done its share in repaving Pico street to the county line. From the end of Pico street at the Hammel and Denker ranch the Beverly Hills people have made a fine road across to Wilshire boulevard. No work has been done on Wilshire from Beverly to Soldiers' Home since the rains of last winter and this should be put into condition by the county, as it is a popular thoroughfare for autos and drivers, connecting with St. Vincent's boulevard from Soldiers' Home to Santa Monica.

Always A Good American.

Colonel James B. Lankershim returned to Los Angeles on Saturday last after an absence of four months in Europe. Colonel Lankershim has been going to Europe every two years for nearly two decades; and while, as he says, there is much to admire and enjoy there, he always returns a better and more contented American upon every occasion. He declares that there is no nation so great or so respected as the United States, and he thinks California the greatest of all the commonwealths in many ways and Los Angeles the most charming and most captivating place in the world to have a home in. Colonel Lankershim came here thirty odd years ago, and even as a young man encountered some vicissitudes, especially in wheat planting. But he believed in Los Angeles first, last, and all the time; and Southern California generally, and as fast as he made money in one thing he would put a big part of it out in something else. A multitude of his best friends begged him seriously not to build a big hotel so far south as Seventh street and one man said that he wouldn't have five hundred guests in five years—he has had five times that number in one month and his hotel has been a fine investment from the start and an ornament to the city. "Money is no good unless you do something with it," says the Colonel, who is surely one of the most public spirited men in California.

The Paris Barber and the Bootblack.

"These are the limit," says Joe Mesmer. "The barber of Paris is the scamp of all scamps—in an infinitesimal way—and a difficult wretch to sit upon if one is not keeping a perfectly safe watch upon him every minute. In the first place, the drop from an American barber's chair into a Parisian one is something that would be appalling were it not so ridiculous. You have a small or no head rest and no place to put your feet. You just let them dangle; you sit bolt upright, and are subjected to other semi-barbaric conditions. As soon as the Parisian artist has finished shaving you, as quick as lightning he will have his shears on your head, even if it were apparent that your hair had been cut in the shop the day before.

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Of course, you imagine at first, that a stray tuft has encountered the fellow's artistic eye and that he would have been remiss to have permitted its further encroachment. But it at last dawns upon you that he is doing a little needless trimming and you tell him that you do not want your hair cut. But you are too late. Indeed, he has only laid down his shears to take up a burning taper which he commences to run over some stray hairs which his critical eye has discovered, and before you can command him to desist he has finished this part of his crime and is asking monsieur if he will have some "friction." As it is customary for the American barber to rub his customer's head a little you say "yes," although you have had quite enough of your persecutor and are really anxious to escape further manipulation. But Parisian "friction" does not mean a rubbing of the head at all. It permits the demon to sprinkle upon your hair a few drops of penetrating perfume and then he brushes it with an implement about twice the size of tooth-brush. But he hasn't finished with you yet. Oh, no! For at the drop of a handkerchief he has got one end of your mustache in a curling paper and you are compelled to have the other end treated in the same way, of course. Your bill is: Shaving, 15 cents; haircutting, 25 cents; frizzing, 25 cents, and friction, 15 cents—total 80 cents, and "pourboire" 10 cents—in all, 90 cents. The Parisian boot-black, "native, and to the manner born," is even a poorer excuse than the barber. He is generally an old man and knows nothing whatever about polishing a shoe. Only the commonest French and poor American and English lodgers patronize him, as his rates are as trivial as his work is poor."

Kosterlitsky Here.

Colonel Emilio Kosterlitsky is a name to be treasured by all Americans who have occasion to journey into or through Northern Mexico and Emilio Kosterlitsky has been of and among us for several days. He is accompanied by members of his family and with them he will be in Los Angeles the rest of the summer. If you are not already aware of it, Colonel Kosterlitsky is among the few of those still in the land of the living who were prevailed upon soon after the Civil War in the United States, to leave their native land of Austria in the attempt to hold Maximilian on the Mexican throne. One scarcely can realize that that was more than forty years ago. Kosterlitsky, who was then a beardless youngster, does not look as if he could have belonged to a generation that gave to this continent one of the most dramatic periods of

its history. Kosterlitsky is the typical soldier of fortune, of whom it has been written that at one time he was an enlisted man in the United States Army. I happen to know that that story is untrue as, of course, must be another chapter in the same yarn that insists the colonel deserted the service of Uncle Sam because of a personal altercation he had with a superior officer. He was stated to have fled across the border and joined the forces then in the field seeking the life of Porfirio Diaz, who was in rebellion against the Mexican authority. As stated, that story is entirely untrue. Kosterlitsky says that had he been in the American army he undoubtedly would have remained. For more than thirty years he has been in command of the Mexican Rurales, the rough and ready cavalry maintained by the Diaz government at the border. And the outlaws, Mexican and American, who have felt the weight of his authority at times, unite in the statement that Kosterlitsky plays no favorites when it comes to enforcing respect for the law. In stature he is more than six feet, and he has been married three times. He maintains a beautiful place at Madalena, in Sonora, where Americans always are welcome, especially if they belong to the Masonic fraternity. Like his chief, and other high Mexican dignitaries, Colonel Kosterlitsky is a Knight Templar and thirty-second degree Mason. He is preparing to put into shape his memoirs and will have the work ready for the press in about three years. It should prove a seller as well as a standard along certain lines.

Ridiculing Fairbanks.

I wonder if I may be permitted to protest against the campaign of ridicule that appears to have broken out everywhere in the United States against the Vice-president of the United States. The professional cartoonist and his left-handed brother, the paragrapher, earn their salaries nowadays making ridiculous the name of Fairbanks, and Los Angeles newspapers have joined the anvil chorus with considerable *eclat*. I recall that the late Mark Hanna was forced to submit to similar treatment for years and before he died it was proved that he was something of a real statesman and that instead of a labor crusher as he had been charged, he really owned a heart that was as gentle as that of a woman. Now Mr. Fairbanks may be the spare stick that he has been painted, but surely there must be something to the man else he could never have been elected first a United States senator from Indiana and later, vice-president of the United States. Mr. Fairbanks is due in Los Angeles before he returns east and I wonder if the Chamber of Commerce will see to it that he is properly received while here? An uncle of Senator Fairbanks is a resident of Pasadena, I believe.

Skinning Skunks.

A personal friend of mine writes from San Francisco as follows:

San Francisco, July 22, 1907.

My dear Graphic:—

Phew! This camp—for it is only a camp now—smells to heaven in spite of its purification by fire. I had read about the wonderful rehabilitation since rebuilding commenced and supposed that it would be hard to find a room or a store to let. There are scores upon scores of To Let signs on the windows. Even on Van Ness avenue I counted at least a dozen in three blocks near McAllister street. Rooms in lodging were in plenty within the first two blocks from Van Ness. The new big office buildings downtown, however, are filling as fast as the workmen can make the rooms ready. Being a stranger I asked a jolly soul on Van Ness whether the people were being frightened away from that quarter by the strike.

"Naw!" he replied. "They are just moving out

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toward the ocean beach to get to the windward of Heney and his cold storage plant."

"Cold storage! What does that mean?" I asked.

"Why," and he looked me over inquiringly, "can't you understand that? You must be from Los Angeles."

I pleaded guilty and begged to be enlightened.

"So you are from Los Angeles! You'd better go back and tell Otis to let San Francisco skin her own skunks. It's bad enough as it is, but Heney is such a comical little mongoose and loves his job so much that he is putting a big supply of his game into cold storage. Guess he wants to save a lot of them skunks for seed so that he can have them to play with the rest of his life. Just see how he enjoyed flaying Schmitz alive in open court and then putting up Boxton so that he might keep the supply handy. I have heard that skunk farming was really practiced, but I never believed it before. No wonder the people are moving out to the windward. Schmitz was Ruef's man as Mayor; now Heney has got Ruef's partner in the game and Boxton was his man as Mayor. If that isn't swapping coats in a fight with a vengeance! Did you ever hear Lincoln's story about swapping coats? No? Why it was just this way. He was telling how the old-time southern politicians changed their politics for the kind they made in Massachusetts and said it reminded him of a time when he saw two partially intoxicated men engaged in a fight with their great coats on. After a long fight—and no one was badly hurt—they took a rest and each fellow found that he had fought himself out of his own coat and into the other fellow's. That's what makes Heney smell so bad and why all the people are all moving out to the windward."

My dear *Graphic*, if Heney don't get rid of that Schmitz coat, he'll be indicted by the grand jury as a public nuisance. I tried to skin a skunk once

because the boys in the camp said the pelt was worth two dollars; when I got through the boys burned up my clothes and the pelt and made me camp on the other side of the canyon. Heney is such a funny little mongoose that he wants to wear Schmitz's coat and run the whole skunk farm. Phew! I'm going out to the beach.

Hasta Luego.

P. S.—Let up on that open shop for San Francisco until Heney gets out of business. *H. L.*

The Great Southwest

BY C. A. WETMORE

Lost in the San Francisco Fire. Since writing on the subject of the San Diego pueblo title, I have been in San Francisco and have learned that the records of the United States Land Commission were destroyed by the great fire following the earthquake. This great loss may be in part remedied if the numerous certified copies, which were made for use by attorneys and grant owners can be collected and furnished to the government for safe keeping. New certified copies could then be issued to the owners of such papers. I should be glad to hear from any persons who know of the existence of such useful material. A little rummaging may bring to light much that is valuable historically. I should like to find a copy of the printed brief that was prepared by Volney E. Howard and C. P. Taggart, when protesting against the Hays Survey of San Diego lands. It was circulated among the lawyers in 1871 and numerous copies must be in existence.

Those who may desire a fuller account of the settlement of private land claims under Mexican and Spanish grants, may read with interest Chapter XX., in the eighteenth volume of Bancroft's History of the Pacific States. Many decisions of the courts are there referred to, which references will be useful to lawyers. Reviewing the Act of 1851, which provided for the Land Commission, Bancroft says: "Confirmed claims were to be surveyed by the Surveyor General and on the presentment of his certificate and plat, a patent, *conclusive only against the United States, and not affecting the rights of third parties*, would be issued from the General Land Office." The italics above are mine. The notion that the patent was a final adjudication is erroneous. The title of San Diego rests upon the treaty with Mexico, the Fitch Survey, in 1845, and the decree of confirmation. Henry Delano Fitch was a native of New Bedford and came to California as master of the Mexican brig *Maria Esther*. He became a Mexican citizen in 1827 and was baptized in San Diego in 1829 as Enrique Domingo Fitch. There is a romantic story

of his marriage with Josefa Carillo, of Valparaiso, an elopement and ecclesiastical trial. He was sindaco of the San Diego town government in 1835 and as Bancroft records, "made a survey of town lands" in 1845.

The last news from Oakland gives some reason for the action of the city, which I referred to last week, in ordering its waterfront, between the pier of the Southern Pacific and the franchise to be occupied by the Western Pacific to be fenced in with piles to keep out intruders. It seems that, notwithstanding the decision of the Court, setting aside the claim of the Southern Pacific to the whole waterfront and declaring the right of the city to use it for wharves and docks, there is a fear that the state may set up a right to control the granting of franchises and the improvements to be made. The city wishes to get into possession and to devise a system of docks to accommodate ocean steamers. Practically the same questions are hanging over San Diego harbor. In the matter of the Keller and Kerckhoff franchise to occupy Atlantic street which is partly on the tide lands, the grant of the city is made subject to the approval of the State Harbor Commissions. Here is a chance to raise the whole question of the rights of the city under the decree of confirmation of the Spanish grant to the Pueblo of San Diego. That decree confirmed the title in accordance with the Fitch map which was filed with the commission appointed to settle land titles in accordance with the treaty with Mexico, which guaranteed to respect the *bona fide* claims to land acquired under Mexican rule. The evidence in the case of San Diego set forth the manner in which the Pueblo grant had been surveyed, which called for a straight line from Point Loma across the peninsula now known as Coronado Beach and across the bay to the south bank of the Chollas Valley. This unquestionably included all the harbor down to the north line of the National ranch, on which National City is now located. Whether, or not, the city had the right to convey for private uses the tide lands for any other purpose except wharves and docks need not be considered now. It did, however, make deeds of water lots and all *bona fide* grants and sales by the city were confirmed by the State Legislature before the United States survey was made and patent issued. The official evidence of the city's claims at the time the Legislature acted on the titles were the Fitch map, the decree of confirmation, the deeds given by the city and the official map, known as the Poole map. The ministerial act of the Interior Department in making the Hayes survey and limiting the city to less than the decree of confirmation called for could not defeat the purposes of the Legislature in confirming the acts of the city, which took effect before the Hayes survey was finally acted upon in a ministerial way. Atlantic street had been laid out by parties who had bought land from the city, one of them being General W. H. Emory, who had explored the 32nd parallel railroad route for the general government. Now if the question of the rights of the city to sell what is now known as the Middletown tract, bounded by low water mark of the bay, should be raised, it might result in just such a situation as is confronting Oakland. The rights of the State Harbor Commissioners to pass upon the Keller and Kerckhoff franchise, if exercised adversely, might be questioned and the authority of the city to act without interference might be restored by reopening the matter of the Hayes survey before the Interior Department, or by appeal to the Courts.

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Where Are They?

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel G. Grant have returned from their wedding trip and are at the Lankershim.

The Misses Katherine and Lucy Clark, daughters of Mr. E. P. Clark, are visiting in the north, the former in Portland and the latter in San Francisco.

Mrs. Henry Z. Osborne, of 401 West Twenty-third street, is entertaining as her house guests Mrs. Emma Copeland Moore and her daughter, Miss Alice Moore, of Hulberton, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan MacFarland left here on Monday last for Lake Tahoe and will be gone three weeks.

Judge Charles Monroe sailed last week from New York for Europe, where he will join Mrs. Monroe, who has been traveling on the Continent for the last two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Burks, of Prescott, Arizona, are the guests of Mr. Burks's brother, Mr. Dana Burks.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Silent, who are motoring in the north, are at Del Monte for a few days. Another motoring party at Del Monte is composed of Mrs. F. R. Rindge and the Misses Rindge.

Mrs. E. A. Featherstone, of 1150 West Twenty-seventh street, has returned from Chicago.

Mr. W. M. Alexander and family, of Dallas, Texas, are spending a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Alexander, of 1429 South Flower street.

Frederick Warde has secured the option on some valuable property near Santa Monica and probably will erect a winter residence for his family.

Mrs. Milo M. Potter and Miss Nina Jones are at Hotel Potter, Santa Barbara.

Dr. Richard Lund, of New Mexico, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lummis, of East Avenue 43.

Miss Maude Willis, of New York, is the guest of Misses Estelle and Lillian Williamson.

Mr. and Mrs. Gail B. Johnson, of 345 Westlake avenue, with their daughter, the Misses Ray and Virginia Johnson, are touring to Santa Barbara.

Receptions.

July 20—Miss Grace Mellus, 234 West Adams street; tea for Miss Ethel Shorb.

July 22—Mr. and Mrs. Karl Schumacher, 2812 Halldale avenue; at home.

July 23—Mrs. Ray Sperry, 1678 West Thirty-ninth street; at home.

July 24—Mr. W. R. Heffelfinger; dinner at Casa Esmeralda for Miss June Nutting and Dr. William Barnhart.

July 24—Mrs. M. C. McGowan, 1007 Berendo street; reception for Rev. and Mrs. A. C. Smither.

July 27—Miss Fannie Kaplan, 510 East Eleventh street; for Miss Eva Greene.

Arrivals of Southern Californians at northern resorts during the past week were:—

Del Monte—W. L. Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Silent, Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Thomas, Miss Anita Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Johnson, Mrs. Johnson, Miss H. E. Johnson, Miss A. C. Johnson, Mrs. H. K. Prather, Miss Sadie Martin, Mrs. F. S. Rindge, F. A. Rindge, Miss R. A. Rindge, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hole, Agnes Hole, all of Los Angeles.

Tahoe Tavern—O. C. Welton, Mrs. E. S. Eaton, Mrs. K. C. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. E. Strasburg, Mrs. R. A. Gardiner and child, Mrs. N. Abie and child, Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Bradford, Miss Byron, Miss Olga Adam, Miss L. Adam, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Moore, Mrs. J. A. Mason and family, J. Levi and son, Mrs. J. R. Metcalf, L. Sholes, Maud Justice, N. S. Abbott, J. L. Choate, Mrs. Ehrman, E. W. Peck, F. J. Peck, Mrs. S. E. Peck and child, all of Los Angeles; Mrs. A. M. Hidey and child, Pasadena; C. N. Ball and child, Riverside.

Hotel Vendome (San Jose)—L. H. Long, Santa Barbara.

Paso Robles Springs—Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Richards, Miss E. Cooper, Miss M. E. Abbott, of Pasadena; Mrs. W. L. Loos and son, Mr. and Mrs. Streicha and son, Mr. and Mrs. A. Olcovich, Mrs. C. Newman, F. Newman, of Los Angeles.

Byron Hot Springs—Miss Bertha H. Smith, of Los Angeles.

Lakeside Park (Lake Tahoe)—Miss Helen M. Saulisbury, Miss Harriet A. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Davis, of Los Angeles; George B. Shattuck, Pomona; L. G. Somers, Hollywood;

Klamath Hot Springs—J. M. Gore, Los Angeles.

Glen Alpine Springs—Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Neil, Ventura.

Cottage City—Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Barber, J. B. Robinson, Los Angeles.

Lucille's Letter

My dear Harriet:—

I wandered disconsolately through the cool stores this morning, embracing my skinny hand-bag, wanting everything I saw, and deeply resenting the mockery of those cynics who informed me that "nothing's doing; 'twixt seasons, you know; nothing new." Do these good people realize that things—especially those for feminine adornment—wear out between seasons as well as during seasons?

I know that the shoppers at Coulter's lingerie counter found something new. My dear, they have the daintiest, sheerest French lingerie, beautifully hand-embroidered and sewed. Such delicate hemming and stitching, and beautiful finishing, with little tucks and wilful scollops. One prospective purchaser was rapturing over the dream gowns, which are certainly things of beauty. They are very liberal—an all too rare blessing—and with hand-embroidery running riot about the neck and sleeves. Quoth the onlooker, "I must have some of those. You know if there happened to be a fire or an earthquake or something, I wouldn't feel so embarrassed if I were bedecked in one of those beauties." In time of peace prepare for war, eh, my dear? Such fluffy, intimate garments, with cross-cuts of Valenciennes and lace-edged ruffles and tiny tucks. It gives you a feeling of comfort and well being just to look at them and when you get them on—oh, my! I think that

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if I possessed one of those filmy petticoats I should take good care to hold my outside skirt well up to display the richness of my flounces and frills.

It's a wonder to me that femininity ever gets beyond the Blackstone front door. For there, staring you in the face, is a department just glittering with the useful trifles for which a woman always yearns. You know that jet has once more become the rage and Blackstone's have any number of fascinating specimens. Unusually pretty are the strings of cut jet, which are meant to be wound several times about the throat, and the cascade necklaces with their great black beads. These beaded handbags, which add the finishing touch to a costume, may be had in almost any style or shade at this good store. These bags are very ample in proportion, are beautifully lined and mounted but, above all, they are Frenchy and chic, and that's all we strive and long for. Of course there are no end of quaint, hammered belt buckles, and outrageous, but extremely fashionable hat pins, and dog collars, and all those thousand and one vanities the dear unfair sex affects. By the way, have you seen those new collar holders—dainty, silver trifles, set with different stones? They are really separate medallions, or slides, which slip on a velvet band, narrow or wide of any color, and hold up your lacy, lingerie collar. Haven't you ever longed for these old world corals like grandmother wore? Well, Blackstone's are prepared to satisfy that longing with their queer, coral-beaded brooches and necklaces. They are just as dainty as can be and especially modest and girlish for a young bud.

The Ville again lured me into the infants department and I joyed anew in the delicate garments they brought before me in dress parade. I suppose there is a great deal of enjoyment in stitching each tiny garment with your own fingers, but when you find such soft, baby things, so carefully and prettily made—what's the use of toiling? Everything from the tiny undergarments—fashioned with religious care so that the delicate skin will not be harmed—to the simple dresses and slips that are so sweet and clean and babyish. Therein lies the chief charm of these garments. They are tucked and inserted but there are no unwelcome furbelows and billows to make the little ones uncomfortable and ridiculous. The little knit socks and coats, with trimmings in the softest and palest of blues and pinks are most appropriate and will keep baby warm and comfy. The little white bonnets and lingerie hats with satin bows in delicate colors make pretty frames for childish faces, and I think that some of our elder blossoms are appropriating these good things to themselves.

Very dainty and alluring, especially in this hot weather, are the parasols at the Boston Store. The fly in the summer girl's *consomme* is always the nose that will peel in spite of all blandishments. One of these parasols will certainly prove a good investment for the maid who intends to make her usual number of conquests. The white parasols with a neat monogram in old English letters on a panel are entrancing, and just the thing for

a white linen suit. The lingerie parasols, all lace and ruffles and frills, with slim handles and twisting knobs are beauties—and do you blame a young man for carrying one of them long after the sun has gone down if they all made as bewitching backgrounds as do the Boston's? There are very simple parasols, heavy and severe, that are wonderfully reasonable in price and look so good. I'd very much like to have one of every kind but, alas, my poor bank roll will not permit.

I suppose when my ship comes in I'll buy everything I see—mostly things I don't want. I'll pray for that ship, anyway.

As ever,

Lucille.

South Figueroa street—July twenty-fourth.

The following Los Angelans registered at the Hotel majestic, San Francisco, last week: B. L. Sawtelle, Edgar Sharp, W. A. Kraemer, H. A. Hunt, J. B. Davis, H. L. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rosenheim, Louis S. Krauz, James F. Patti, Henry T. Johnson, Edward T. Griffin, Miss Alice Baumberger.

The following Los Angeles people registered at Del Monte last week: A. N. Barnum and Mrs. Barnum, F. M. Byron, representative of the New York Central R. R.; Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Carter, Miss Inez Thomas Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Bunk, M. S. William P. Miller, F. W. Wachter, Mrs. Wachter, Miss Helen Wachter, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Graves, Miss Graves, S. Graves, and H. C. Graves, of Los Angeles, arrived at De Monte on Sunday in a Franklin touring car. Mr. Graves is manager of the Farmers and Merchants National Bank.

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On the Stage and Off

By GEORGE A. DOBINSON.

The clientele of the Burbank theater is not accustomed to, nor does it greatly value the society drama, therefore the intrusion of *The Climbers*, owing no doubt to Mr. Frawley's engagement, is not appreciated, although Mr. Frawley himself has been welcomed to his old location with unmistakable enthusiasm. In the past he has done much, both as manager and actor, to provide excellent entertainment for Burbank audiences and he is gratefully remembered by them now.

Taken as a whole, the performance of *The Climbers* is not disappointing to those who understand the limitations of the company. A thorough success could not be expected from people who have so few chances of portraying modern fashionable life and who, for the most part, are unfitted for such a task by reason of their want of training and experience along the necessary lines. *The Climbers* is really a play written to show off the feminine contingent. There are nine speaking parts for women, against less than half that number in which the men have any chance at all. With the exception of the parvenu Mrs. Hunter, personated by Louise Royce, and her daughter, the frivolous Clara, by Elsie Esmond, who were both natural in the delivery of their lines, the rest of the women cling to a melodramatic, sometimes almost ranting, style. Blanche Hall, for instance, is Mary Tudoresque, in an unusually hollow voiced and insincere way, and the representative of Miss Ruth Hunter was trying her best to "act" with distressing results. The smooth, easy method, which looks so simple when cleverly done, is the hardest possible thing for the amateur actor to assume.

Miss Gilbert has not the faintest conception of the slangy frankness of Miss Godesby's character and her elocution is so defective that while some of her lines are to be understood, others are lost by reason of bad delivery.

Mr. Frawley is dignified and impressive in the somewhat colorless character of Ned Warden, doing everything for it that the author allows and never over-acting his part. Mr. Desmond shows to better advantage in the character of Dick Sterling than in anything he has done for a long time. In fact, he evidences a grasp of character study that demonstrates his ability once in a while to step out of himself and be the person he portrays. More work of the kind will soon land him in a higher class.

Mrs. Dane's Defence, the great four act Henry Arthur Jones play, maintains its popularity because of the absorbing interest that is taken in the celebrated third act scene in which the eminent lawyer, Sir Daniel Carteret, extorts a confession from Mrs. Dane by his merciless and skillful series of cross questions. Mr. Bosworth as Sir Daniel has a part that suits him admirably. He is at once courteous, kind and refined, but the iron hand in the velvet glove is there, and when Miss Albertson as Mrs. Dane finally sinks to

the ground in an agony of mental torture and with streaming eyes implores mercy, the climax is of the tensest kind. Miss Albertson has the hardest task that she has been required to undertake since the opening of her engagement here and shows a most encouraging advance her art in its execution. The complex situation in which Mrs. Dane is required to keep from the penetrating gaze of the great criminal lawyer any sign of her guilt, and at the same time to demonstrate to the audience her inward agony of mind under the fire of his questions, is acted with subtle power and control, until the moment when the tortured soul can endure it no longer and then the hysterical breakdown with its rain of tears comes with convincing emotional power that the actress has never before demonstrated.

Mrs. Dane is not a woman of the world, nor a hardened sinner. The author depicts her as having erred through ignorance, and Miss Albertson's interpretation is more in line with the author's evident meaning than any that have been seen here, even if lacking in some of the power that has been shown in other quarters.

Miss Farrington is at home as Lady Eastney and gets most of the laughs. Miss Carey is an ideal Mrs. Bulsom-Porter. Mr. Scott is happy in his character sketch of Canon Bonsey. Mr. Livingston is somewhat too immature for the responsible role of young Lionel. He has a lot of temperament but lacks training and experience. The other characters are all well sustained by the regular members of the Belasco Stock Company.

The late engagement of Maude Adams at the Mason Opera House is notable for the fact that it is the first time in the history of Los Angeles that a star of such magnitude—two dollar size—has played a continuous season of two weeks; and this, it be remembered, at high prices and tickets at a premium up to the very last of her performances. In *Peter Pan* she captured the largest number of admirers, young and old. There was found an unusual attractiveness in the fantastic play which she carried through with so much vivacity and quaint abandon that made many who did not pretend to understand what it was all about, fall under the spell of her witchery. In *L'Aiglon*, another breeches part, she also won general admiration, although the mournful nature of the story was depressing.

Curiosity drew crowds to see her in *Quality Street* which afforded the only opportunity to behold her in the costume belonging to her sex. The play, also by Mr. Barrie, is a highly improbable story worked out along improbable lines and sad to say, the fair actress was unable to shake off the boyish traits that were so well studied and depicted in her male assumptions. Her very walk of Phoebe was a rolling gait of quite inharmonious character, and her voice was now high pitched and now deep throated and was evidently beyond her control. The play was chiefly remarkable for the attention giving to the costuming which was accurate as to period, and quite interesting. From a literary point of view, neither the plot nor the dialogue of *Quality Street* present any claims to serious attention.

Complaint has been made in more than one quarter of the inaccessibility of Miss Maude Adams on her stay here. Mr. Frohman has surrounded her with a staff, of which a smooth manager and an unaccommodating secretary

are the chief personages, to protect her from the newspaper interviewer, the curiosity hunter and the social lionizer. Her correspondence is carefully censored before she is allowed to see it, and equivocation is resorted to, if thought necessary, to keep her secluded. All this is done in order to maintain the frail little body in condition to do the arduous work imposed upon it. Few people realize the amount of nervous force that is used up by the delicate looking star in a two week's engagement, such as was recently played here. And it is of vital necessity that she be able to earn the last dollar that can be squeezed out of the public in a limited time. To that end the precious machine is guarded with such jealous care and the general public is not allowed to know the true state of affairs.

By Florence A. Dobinson.

I fear we are not always properly grateful to those who preserve and reproduce old styles of dress and manner but when so dainty and exquisite an example of femininity as the Godey girl Miss Ethel Barrymore presents in *Captain Jinks* is portrayed, one can remember one's own mother at her prettiest in the seventies, and, looking through eyes of brown—are Miss Barrymore's eyes brown, or that glorious black pansy purple—so changeable and so indicative at once of temperament and intellect?

The system of writing plays to fit the talents of a particular artist is often derided by the critic and scorned by the new playwright, as being unworthy of the efforts of the author and lacking in consideration for the other ladies and gentlemen in the cast. But when so charming a fantasy as *Captain Jinks*, with Miss Barrymore as the central figure is given us the conquest of the "star play" is complete and we are grateful for the styles of seventy-three. One might ask, is it possible to dispense with the Marcel wave and the May Sutton walk, add the most pronounced bustle of the period, and still be the most fascinating of her sex. It is, believe me. The Godey girl of Miss Barrymore is adorable and makes us forgive Mr. Fitch the ballet of the second act. The ballet is out of keeping, and we cannot imagine an opera singer of the refinement of the Trentoni, doing a clumsy kicking skirt swirl. A sincere compliment is intended when it is said that Miss Barrymore is not nearly so convincing as the leggy young (?) person wearing a rosebud and a belt of tulle, who preceded her. It is difficult to understand too, why a young woman desperately in love, and sorrowing more desperately through that love, should take that particular method of expressing the conflicting emotions. But that is the fault of Mr. Fitch, and may be added to the rude and untimely interruptions of the hall boy as constituting the weakness of the play.

The delightful *Captain Jinks* with Miss Barrymore as its star did not need this addition. True Mr. Fitch begs the question in the beginning by calling the play "fantastic," which prepares the way for whimsical little turns of speech and action, most delightful and provocative of the daintiest mirth when confined to Miss Barrymore's province, but when so beautiful and poetic a speech as that of Professor Belliarti to his ward is finished by the rude entrance of a grinning boy it is a shock. The boy is good—very, but he should be subordinated. The play is not all farce

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comedy as is shown by the second act.

Miss Barrymore's personality cannot fail to impress and uplift the young actress. Of course, she possesses much by right of inheritance, but the student of the drama without inheritance might observe the advice, "assume a virtue if you have it not." It is not difficult to understand why the character of the char-woman in *The Silver Box* was not an unqualified success. Why Miss Barrymore should ever be cast for anything but a lady is hard to fathom. Much has been said of the young lady's voice and it is still a subject of interest. The ordinary tones of her speaking voice are most agreeable, with a singing quality of much sweetness, if you do not object to a monotone. But the brief demand made upon her for strength in act two, finds her unprepared. She produces the sobbing at the piano and the outburst of agony later in a weak way that leaves an evident scratch in the throat which might be easily remedied. Her voice is naturally a comely one, and the lines and situation here call for power. Despite the lightness of the play as a whole, the character of Captain Jinks, as portrayed by the author, is not convincing. The love story comes out right because the fond Trentoni allows it, but we do not feel that the Captain has improved or risen far above the original cad in the first act. He is in love and no doubt thinks he has grown worthy but there is nothing to prove it. The author must expect his play to be taken seriously after all, in spite of his fantastic claim, for the love interest is genuine, and the heartache of the usual kind.

* * *

Arthur Lotto, who is to represent John Cort and Carl Heilig in the management of the Los Angeles theater as the old Hotchkiss will be known, has been in the city for the past fortnight on his honeymoon as well as getting a line on the local situation for his employers. Lotto is no stranger in Los Angeles, as he was connected with the old Casino when Jake Waldeck was at the helm. During the past theatrical year Lotto has been in Cort's employ in the capacity of advance agent of the Maude Fealy company. I am in a position to assure my readers that when the new management of the Los Angeles theater makes the announcement of its bookings, Colonel Harry Wyatt will sit up, rub his head, and commence to wonder where he is really at; for the big theatrical syndicate will be found at the back of Cort, Heilig and Lotto, and many of the shows that heretofore have been played in the Mason will be seen at the newly remodeled Los Angeles theater.

With an Edna May face and haunting eyes and a costume that is startling in its abbreviation, Lalla Selbini gets a hand with an act that is decidedly mediocre. Whether it is the contrast between her demure pensiveness and her costume—or rather lack of costume—or whether the admirable comedy work of her small assistant which wins the applause is to be debated, but at all events she pleases the Orpheum audiences. A *Midnight Mistake* would be a mistake at any hour. Virginia Earl is starred in this act, but George Conway captures the laurels because of his innate ability of being funny without obvious appeal. Decidedly a departure in vaudeville are the Marionettes. There is a miniature theater with full orchestra, well-filled boxes, and a troupe of performers who range from magicians to ballet dancers. M. Bernar operates these tiny wax creatures without assistance and proves his merit of the title, "King of Marionettes." Anita Bartling's juggling act takes

the usual stereotyped form but she adds a few trimmings that give it zest. There is a superfluity of "colored" turns on; Jack Wilson with a pot-pourri of slang, jokes, songs and dancing; Harry Armstrong and Billy Clar, with their popular ballads and humorous songs. But Bertha and Bert Grant, dusky entertainers, demonstrate the superiority of the "real stuff." Rose and Jeannette, lissome and lithe, dance with the abandon and luring grace one expects in the daughters of Spain. They are billed as Parisiennes, they look French, but there forte is undoubtedly Spanish dances. The usual motion pictures complete the bill.

The French play, *Divorcons*, an adaptation of which proved an artistic success in Hobart Bosworth's hands at the Belasco last week, is probably M. Victorien Sardou's finest dramatic effort. It is a singular fact that the *doyen* of French playwrights owes his first stage success to his excellent handwriting. He had sent in his oft rejected play, *La Taverne des Etudiants*, to the Odeon management for consideration, and the manuscript lay with others on a table when Mdlle. Berengere, attracted by the handwriting, took it up and became at once keenly interested in it. The result was that she induced the directors of the theater to read it. The play was accepted and the foundation of M. Sardou's success firmly laid.

Trusty Tips.

Orpheum—The Orpheum offers unique attractions for the week of July 28. The generation which knew Abraham Lincoln still lives. Time has effaced the antagonism of his enemies and intensified the love of his friends. After Washington, he is our national hero. All that concerns him in his private or official life is of the deepest interest to every American man, woman or child. This grand and pathetic figure has been reverently studied by Benjamin Chapin as by no other man, and in the opinion of men who knew the president intimately, Chapin's playlet *In the White House*, which will be presented next week at the Orpheum, is the most truthful picture of Lincoln as a man and as president that can be imagined. After seeing Mr. Chapin's play, Mark Twain wrote the following words to the actor: "The real and living Lincoln was before my eyes and remained real until the end." Willard Simms, the clever and popular comedian, is now a vaudeville star and will be seen next week in his latest success, *Flinder's Furnished Flat*. Mueller, Chann and Mueller, famous hoop rollers, have just a little the best act of its class ever offered. They also come next week. Anita Bartling, Jack Wilson & Co., Rose and Jeannette, and Bert and Bertha Grant remain for a second week.

Grand—For the week of July 28 the offering by the Ulrich Stock Company will be *A Man's Broken Promise*, by Lillian Mortimer, the well-known novelist, dramatist and actress. This is one of those thrilling spectacular productions in which the Ulrich Stock Company are seen at their best. The best efforts of author, actor and scenic artist have been united to make *A Man's Broken Promise* the best of the season's offerings. The play is replete with striking situations, but entirely devoid of cheap sensationalism. Through every act runs a story of profound human interest, a story that awakes a sympathetic chord in every human heart. An amusing vein of comedy interwoven with the story adds even greater realism to the serious situations.

In the Musical World

The next port of call of The Californians will be Santa Cruz. This fashionable seaside resort, about ninety miles from San Francisco, just now harbors tens of thousands of San Franciscans who have left the city to escape the fog, the lime and the discomforts of life in San Francisco. It has been arranged that during the stay of The Californians no other attraction will compete with the company and Messrs. Karl and Dewey should do a good business for a short season. The new Princess Theater in San Francisco is not yet ready for occupancy but no doubt The Californians will open the house when the workmen, the decorators and the furnishers finish their work.

A famous sage once said: "Save me from my fool friends."

No doubt Mr. Bruce G. Kingsley feels much the same way. Bad press agents' work and hysterical feature articles in the *Examiner* are responsible for the fire that is being directed toward him. Acknowledging that I haven't the pleasure of Mr. Kingsley's acquaintance, I will venture to say that he never claimed to be "The World's Greatest Organist," as the press agent says he is; nor that he ever said that he was organist at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, as the crazy *Examiner* made him out to have been. Now because these banal influences—a voluble and inaccurate press agent and a notoriously fool newspaper—have combined to put Mr. Kingsley in a ridiculous light, all he can do is to sit and suffer.

Somebody in Los Angeles—who does not like Mr. Kingsley, that is evident—is making it his business to circulate marked copies of the *Musical News*, of London, which handles Mr. Kingsley without gloves. The English

publication, of course, takes things seriously, not knowing the vagaries of press agents or the standing of the *Examiner*. Closing its dissertation on Mr. Kingsley, *Musical News* says:

"It is surprising and disappointing to learn, however, that in England, possibly his native land, Mr. Kingsley, though described as making such a profound impression upon his London hearers, did not create as much enthusiasm as we are led to suppose by the glowing account given of Mr. Kingsley's London recitals. Indeed, there must be a somewhat serious error in the account from which we have been quoting, as to the *locality* of these striking performances, for a very distinguished member of the Cathedral staff observes, without for a moment doubting the ability of Mr. Kingsley, 'I have never to my knowledge either seen or heard of him. Certainly he has never occupied any official position at St. Paul's Cathedral during the many years I have been there; nor have I ever heard of his playing the organ there.' Of course, there are other cathedrals and churches dedicated to St. Paul, some in remote places on the other side of the Atlantic. Certainly one may well envy the privileges of the people of Los Angeles, who, in the large Auditorium there, can listen to performances almost every day of the artist our contemporary does not hesitate to proclaim as 'the one supreme organist of the world; the greatest music by the greatest master on the greatest instrument *all in one*' (the italics are our own). 'The great instrument is a part of the man, and the man is a part of the instrument.'"

Verily, verily, there is much truth in the remark: "Save me from my fool friends."

There is no objection to stating the truth about Kingsley. He is a good, but not a great organist. To call him the "world's greatest" smacks of circus advertising. He is not to be compared with artists like the Frenchman, Guilmant, nor the American, Clarence Eddy. I know many organists who are as good at least. There is due to him even justice for his attainments, even as justice is due to all men.

The choir of the Church of the Unity for the coming year has been announced. The organist is E. S. Fuller, who succeeds Frank H. Colby, now of St. Vibiana's Cathedral. The singers are; soprano, Mrs. F. H. Colby; alto, Miss Beresford Joy; tenor, Johann Haae-Zinck; bass and director, Charles A. Bowes. Mr. Fuller goes to his new position from the First Methodist Church, of Pasadena, where he has played for the past year.

It is said that Massenet, the famous French composer, was dining out lately and was much perturbed by his hostess after dinner asking him if he would kindly listen to her daughter's playing and give his opinion on her abilities as a pianist. Having listened to her he is supposed to have said, "Your daughter, madame, is a perfect Christian." "Why?" asked the anxious mother. "Because she follows strictly the teaching of the New Testament, 'Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.'"

Herr Emil Sauer, who at one time bid fair to become a rival to Paderewski in this country, has been for years one of the head professors at the Vienna Conservatoire. He has now, however, decided to relinquish the post in order to be able to devote himself to composition and concert giving. He resides at present in Dresden but he will in future tour more frequently.

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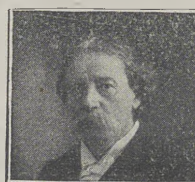
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Mr. Douglas has recently installed in his Studio at St. Paul's. (523 South Olive St.) a fine modern Two-Manual Pipe-organ (electric motor) which he places at the disposal of Organ Students.

Among the Artists

By RENE T. DE QUELIN

There are some canvases in Los Angeles by a young American painter who has recently been creating great excitement both in Paris and Berlin, namely Mr. Frederick Carl Frieseke, who was born in Owosso, Michigan, thirty-three years ago. He was a graduate of the Owosso High School, Class '93, going direct from there to the Chicago Art Institute, where he spent three years; from there he went to New York and engaged on the New York *Times*, principally for comic illustration, doing general hack work in that line as it presented itself or the opportunity afforded; after spending one year in this class of work, he concluded to go to Paris, where he has practically lived and worked for the last ten years. Mr. Frieseke's forte is the rendering of femininity. A portrait of his wife, which we illustrate, will give the reader a suggestive idea of his work, though one must see his paintings fully to realize and appreciate its subtle beauties. Mr. Frieseke, although of German parentage, owes all his methods to French training. Such men as Jean, Besnard, Renoir, and Sauter have perhaps influenced him the greatest. He has, of course, his own peculiar expression in his methods and instead of using heavy body colors, works more in the transparent tones; especially is this true of his more decorative works. There is a particular charm in his technique, expression and color effect. One is struck by his sense of color which is unusually seductive, having all the soft, subtle, glowing richness of a fine piece of old Gobelin tapestry. He delights in depicting the elegant woman of today, either in modern or French costumes, and in every imaginable pose; nevertheless, some of his best paintings are of the nude, but always of great refinement and rejoicingly chaste and full of fascination where beauty is allied to youth. His poses are so refreshingly modest, full of fragrant beauty, soft and tender. His compositions are most pleasing and attractive, and in all his portraiture there is something so alluring, becoming at once irresistible, leaving us enchanted. Mr. Frieseke has taken a very high place in art circles in Paris and also in Germany, as the Germans have invited him to exhibit in Berlin, this being a great honor as they rarely ask Americans to show their paintings in Germany. Mr. Frieseke was made a director of the American Art Society and was the youngest who has ever been appointed to that office, which is considered highly flattering. He is very versatile, being an excellent water colorist and with an important exhibit in that medium was elected a member of the Society of Forty, made up of forty of the best artists in Paris. He has been compared with Whistler and Sewlek and the French critics predict for him a place beside the great Puvis de Chavanne in mural work. This artist has done much landscape work, also of life on the streets. To those who will interest themselves in his work, they will find that he uses a brush filled with soft, warm colors, giving us full rich tones, glowing as a summer eve. Some few of this painter's works are now to be seen at the Kanst Art Gallery, 642 South Spring street.

Great developments have been made in recent years in medallie art, and perhaps as a commemorative record of events, nothing will take its place. It calls for peculiar talents, one might say, between painting and sculpture, and there are many painters who lack

a certain sense of color who could produce good results in the numismatic branch. Though this branch has generally, with few exceptions, been conceded to sculpture, still it is very difficult for men engaged in large monumental work to change to the other extreme and model in the very low relief necessary in medallie requirements though such powerful men in the sculptural arts as Augustus Saint Gaudens, Louis Saint Gaudens, Daniel C. French, and J. S. Hartley have occasionally worked in this particular branch, and they have produced splendid results, such as the Washington Centennial Medal, by Augustus Saint Gaudens; the Franklin Medal, by Louis Saint Gaudens; the George Inness Medal, by J. S. Hartley; and the Dewey Medal, by Daniel C. French. Augustus Saint Gaudens, of all the men of today, is doubtless better able to thoroughly understand and feel all the wonderful, subtle requirements, than those who may have devoted long years of study to this art, his earlier years being spent in cameo cutting under one of the most skillful French cameo artists, and as this was learned when a young man, and necessarily the most deeply imbedded, it makes of him one who has all the peculiar qualities essential to a medallist modeler.

It may be said that the Roman coin is the parent of this art and it was the Italians of the thirteenth century who raised it to a high standard, after which it lapsed again into insignificance, except in a very few instances; and it was left to France, especially during the last quarter of a century, to re-establish this beautiful art in the full glory of its perfection and Austria has been a close second in this movement. Much has been brought forward in the United States the last twenty years to improve and create a better standard for the art, but the little band of enthusiasts was far too small to create any sensation for its furtherance or progress. Even now it is a very small group that is striving its best to place this art upon a solid and substantial basis in this country. There has been a Numismatic Museum instituted in New York City (really an outgrowth of what was termed the Numismatic and Archaeological Society) with Mr. Archer M. Huntington as president, who presented the society with its present site, upon which the new building is in course of construction, the society using the splendid new quarters of the Hispanic Society until such time as the new building is ready to receive their collection.

Among those who have devoted time and energy to this movement in numismatics in New York are the Duc de Lubat, George F. Kunz, the diamond expert of Tiffany's, and Andrew C. Zabuskie, the former president of the society. Foremost among the sculptors who have done much to advance the standard of this art is Augustus Saint Gaudens, to whom we must give all honor for the wonderful, artistic development made in the United States, and which was mainly due, as incentive, to his marvelous bas-relief portraits that have not been equalled by any living sculptor. A glance at the extraordinary *chef-d'oeuvre* bas relief of Robert Louis Stevenson, the children of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt and many others made some twenty-six years ago, will convince the severest critic of this. Following closely in his footsteps was his brother, Louis Saint Gaudens, the late sculptor Warner, one who did much for this art, and also Daniel C. French, Herbert Adams, Bela Pratt, Philip Martini, Raser, Wemmam, and Grafly. But the men who have come to the front for exclusive work in this particular are a Russian and a Frenchman; the former, Victor Brenner,

now in New York, is a man whose early career was spent in engraving, which he learned from his father. Coming to the United States, he took up modeling especially for medallie purposes. There is no doubt that his early training gave him all the qualities so needful for this work. He gradually became famous and now stands at the top in this country, unless we say that the honor is shared by the Frenchman, Roiné, a native of Nantes, Brittany, France, who studied in Paris under Roty and the celebrated painter-sculptor, Paul de Bois, also a native of his own town, and associated himself with the best men in New York. He is now the acknowledged head in France in numismatic work and his work is much sought for there. The National Sculptural Society of New York elected him a member last winter. Many of the noted architects, such as Carere and Hastings, McKim, Mead and White have by their designs done much to advance this beautiful and refined art about which much of intense interest can be said. Among notables along the line of centuries who have interested themselves in this branch of art was Henry VIII., who inaugurated a series of English numismatic works, which ranks second with those of the realm in interest and importance.

To those working in ceramics a word on lustres may be interesting. The metallic iridescent lustres used by over glaze decorators in America have never been absolutely satisfactory, the deposits being superficial and lacking in the mellow soft quality of the old Moresque and Italian productions, accounted for in that they are produced by an entirely different process. The well known old lustres are reproduced in all the old established factories of Europe today, some of the finest being that of Golfe, Juan and Vallauris in France, and the Lancastrian Pottery, England. The celebrated Doulton red is a modification of the ruby red lustre of Giorgio Andreoli that was so famous. The method of producing these lustres has been published in a French treatise by M. L. Franchet, the work being very easy of manipulation in one's own studio and does not require high temperature in kilns.

It is always a pleasure to speak of those who are successful through their own efforts, and who are blessed with a strong will and industry which nothing can daunt, with that steady persistent quality which gives confidence to one's self and others. As such we note the advance of Nellie Sheldon, who has now occupied a studio in the Blanchard Building for more than four years. This is really a great record when we take into consideration the transitory nature of things here, where people are constantly coming and going, moving in and out in that state of nervous unrest that is so well known in a city which is a rendezvous for tourists. Miss Sheldon's painting studio is the oldest but one in the Blanchard Building, and that fact, if we said nothing more, would prove of itself the undoubted success and ability that has been recognized in Miss Sheldon's work by the general public. She executes some of the best work in the modern overglaze treatments on pottery, while she does some painting in natural flowers, fruits and fish, according to the special pieces and their requirements, such as the various styles of cups and saucers, individual salts, plates, and dishes of every variety, pitchers, mugs vases and bowls. We find her working in all that is modern in the new movement of ceramic decoration which l'art nouveau has suggested and forced to the front of late years. In her studio can be seen the

latest of work in this line, some pieces in lustres and the modern decoration being among those worthy of a special call to this attractive studio. Miss Sheldon is also a water color artist; her sketches of Chinatown, made some three years ago, drew public notice to her work. Her decorative female heads in water color have been successful. She has strong talent in the decorative line, a requisite for the modern ceramic work, which was supplemented by a course of study under the well known Millett, of the Chicago Art Institute, an artist of ability and power.

At the last meeting of the California Ceramic Club, of San Francisco, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Mrs. N. M. Amdt, president; Mrs. J. Peltier, first vice-president; Mrs. R. V. Bateman, second vice-president; Mrs. P. W. Clay, secretary; Miss Helen O'Malley, treasurer. The retiring president, Minnie C. Taylor, announces that the club has the largest membership on its books and is in the best financial condition that it has enjoyed since the club was formed years ago.

A revival of the old Danish hand craft known as Gitteryl (which translated into plain English, means darning) is much in fashion at the present time. It is really a charming mode of decoration and many beautiful things for the home can be made that are extremely ornate and pleasing, giving the air of cozy homelikeness that few other things can do. What the possibilities are with this work was well illustrated in the late exhibition of the National Arts and Crafts Society in New York, a great many beautiful pieces being shown. Innumerable things can be made in this way, such as wall panels, cloths for side-boards, scarfs, pillow covers, table mats, and altar cloths. The material used is generally a canvas, Russian crash preferably, but a good square mesh of canvas of various sized meshes can be used with great success. A long, blunt, crewel needle is used and the thread which seems to be most popular is a heavy twisted mercerized cotton. A great variety of stitches can be used in this work or a co-mingling of them, care being used not to draw the stitches too tightly but of equal tension throughout in order to secure flatness. The present method of design, *l'art nouveau*, lends itself beautifully to this charming revival.



"A PORTRAIT OF MY WIFE."

—Painted by Frederick Carl Frieseke

Mr. Charles Wartheimer, London, recently lost a Gainsborough and a Reynolds through night thieves. Like other famous masterpieces, they seemed to have vanished leaving no trace behind. We are left to wonder at the object in such robbery because of the utter uselessness of the booty, since marketing it is practically impossible. Paintings by old masters stolen from galleries have been kept in hiding for periods as long as twenty-five years, and many are never brought to light again.

The exhibition held by the Book Workers' Guild, of New York, opened July 24 in the Associated Arts Hall, 718 South Spring street, under the auspices of Misses Emily Preston,

president and Octavia Holden, who was instrumental in arranging for the exhibition here. Miss Preston gave interesting talks on book crafts. The exhibition closes today.

Mrs. Caroline Trowbridge opens an exhibition of her work, oils and water colors of Arizona subjects, in the Blanchard Galleries Monday next. The work cannot be considered from a professional standpoint.

Mr. J. M. Gaspard, well known for his portraits in black and white, who held a studio in the Blanchard Building for some time, leaves Los Angeles this week to join the Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York.

Autos and Autoists

By JACK DENSHAM

Well, good people, how did you like my friendly call-down of last week? Having relieved myself I have very little of interest to talk about this week. This is Thursday evening of the week before and I must write my crazy column tonight or be burdened with the thought of it when I have more important things to look after. The reason of it is that I am going to San Francisco next Monday. (By the time you read this it will be last Monday.). Of course you know what I am going up for—to sail in the great San Francisco Challenge Cup Race aboard the *Valkyrie*. The race does not take place until August 3, but we need practice on the bay and expect to get wet through several times before the day of the race. I hope to combine business with pleasure and will take a day off and go the rounds of the San Francisco dealers.

If there be anything I can do for any of you fellows, address me care of the Corinthian Yacht Club, Sausalito and I am at your service. I say that I am going to San Francisco, but it looks as though I might have to walk. Everybody knows the financial position of the average scribbler and, when we do move about, it is almost always due to the courtesy of the railroads. I am having an almighty hard time persuading Messrs. Ingram, Martin, Ingersoll and Pothemus that it is absolutely to the best interests of the Southern Pacific Company that I should be conducted northward in the state befitting a true yachtsman. Say, did you ever interview one of those octopus gentlemen and try to get anything out of them? They surely are wonders. They greet you with a smile that would melt the heart of a grizzly gridiron. They propel toward you a specimen of the gladhand that would put to shame the description of the

slangiest Bowery writer of today—even "Van" in all his glory could not adequately describe the softness of their demeanor. Then they ask you to take a seat. They read your letter of introduction and tell you about the yachts they used to sail back east. You arrive at a state of large hopefulness; you tell them what a fine yachtsman you are and how necessary it is for the good of the cause and the general advantage of the Southern Pacific that you should go. They agree with you; they are very anxious to see that the transportation be arranged for you, they will make it a personal matter that you shall not be compelled to walk the ties or ride a brake-beam, *but*—they are desolated, they are near to shedding tears with their sad regrets, if their wife had not been sick last week they would willingly loan you the necessary car-fare, they will neglect all their other duties to make sure that so excellent a yachtsman has transportation,

yet it is not up to them. They cannot make any promises, they hope to arrange matters satisfactorily and, by Jove, you either walk or pay your fare.

Then you chase around to try to borrow enough to pay your fare and have a little over for expenses. Here are men whom you befriended years ago when you had money. Some of them still owe you long-forgotten debts. They are very friendly, but things are very slack and they have no money in the bank. They produce a bundle of notes and ask you why it is that they are always the "fall guy." They opine it is because they are easy. They do not let you see the notes distinctly because, if you did, you would see that they were all gilt-edged securities bearing a reasonable interest. They forget the time they came to you and begged you to extend their credit and wound up by borrowing ready money from you. They forget that they still owe you money, they forget everything except that you are more or less on the "down and out" list and they do not want to help you out.

Then you say to yourself, "Borrowing money is bad dope, anyway. All these people owe me something, even if it was years ago they borrowed it." You leave them and incidentally tell your troubles to some man in your own position. To your surprise, he places at your command his entire bank-roll, not large it is true, but all he has and, before the day is over, you find that you have an army of friends who are willing to give each their little mite toward your expense fund. You do not accept for very obvious reasons, but you go home with a renewed faith in human nature and a better knowledge of who are

your real friends than you had before.

Now, having been so busy on my own business, I ask your kind indulgence for not having been around to see you all. Jim Morley's billiard place is near where I was doing some rustling this morning, so I climbed the stairs and found the genial Jeems sitting in state surrounded by a large crowd of billiard players and Doc Green. The latter, as everybody should know, is the Morley automobile factotum. I took a cushioned seat next to the amiable "Five Hundred Phil" and asked him to talk to me. He did! He talked and Doc talked and, between the two, they tore the poor old Blacksmith to pieces. Then I brought them back to their muttons and asked for some automobile news. I learned one thing that I did not know before. I had an idea that Jim's garage was an annex to the skating rink on Grand avenue. I find that it is now on Auto Row—namely, at 1136 South Main. That is much more convenient for me than the wilds of Grand avenue.

Jim says that he has only two more 1907 Royals to come and, that being the case, has cut out all advertising. Jim, did you know that Reckitt's Blue was advertised for twenty-five years, then the company said to itself, "Everybody knows and uses Reckitt's Blue. We do not need to advertise any more—the public cannot forget us as we have made ourselves too well known." They dropped their advertising expense from some \$75,000 a year to almost nothing. In six months they were spending more money than ever on advertising. You must keep your name before the public. Your Royal is an excellent car; I believe it to be one of the best on the market. But, because you do not happen to have any in stock, you should not drop your advertising. I am not saying this because the *Graphic* is suffering on account of the temporary lapse of your regular few inches of space. I am thankful to say that that has nothing to do with me—it would not bother me if you never advertised in this paper. But, on general principles I want to warn several of you auto people who are showing signs of trying to retrench on your advertising. "Early to bed, early to rise, never get drunk and advertise." The latter is a grand principle to go upon.

Now there are more ramifications in this advertising business than you may perhaps imagine. The first principle is, of course, to keep the name of the car you are selling before the public. This is done principally by more or less glaring advertisements. Given an automobile column, such as that in the *Graphic*, in a paper reaching the wealthiest people in town and written in such a way that people read it carefully "merely to see what that crazy fellow is going to say next," advertise alongside of that column continually and you are bound to attract the eye of the auto buying public. Honestly, I believe that weekly paper or periodical advertising is better than that in the dailies unless you spend a whole lot of money on the latter, because people take more time over a periodical than they do over their morning paper and see more of the advertisements. I know, for myself. I find the advertising section a very entertaining part of the average maundering monthly. How much more so then, must it be attractive when it is combined with a live article on the particular line of goods which you have for sale.

Then you must not forget that, while auto news is interesting to the general public to a great extent, it is largely a sop to the adver-

tisers. Drop your ad from any paper and you may be sure that the auto man will not pay you any more visits. This may not hurt you directly but it is bound to do so indirectly. Please bear in mind that I am talking generalities and am not referring to myself nor to this particular publication which has the very good sense to hire me as a pen pusher. The factory offices of all the cars represented in Los Angeles maintain a publicity department and chorus of press-agents. These press agents do nothing but put into readable form incidents that tend to the aggrandizement of their car, sent in by district agents. These stories, sent out to the different papers and magazines are fairly readable and interesting in themselves but would never obtain a place in the different publications if the factory owners did not advertise. Many a story of the prowess of some car, accompanied by photographs taken by the author and signed by the latter's name, would never appear if it were not for the fact that the makers of the car advertise largely in that particular publication. Nor does the management of the magazine pay for the article. Nay, nay. A check is sent out from the publicity department at the factory and everybody is satisfied. The president of the company because he has a good advertisement—the press-agent, because he passed "through a live one"—the magazine editor, because he has a good space filler gratis, and the struggling author because he has received a check and a compliment.

The whole thing hinges on paid advertising.

Tourist
AUTOMOBILES—
Made in
Los Angeles, Cal.

Auto Vehicle Co., Cor. Main and Tenth Streets
"Better buy a Tourist than wish you had."

Paris Auto Station

Full line of Accessories, Repairing, Storage and Rental.

Denker & Wetterauer

Rental, Stand	S. Los Angeles & Tenth
429 S. Spring	Home 6258
Home 2502 Main 9291	Bdwy. 3925

Waterless Knox

—Immediate Deliveries—

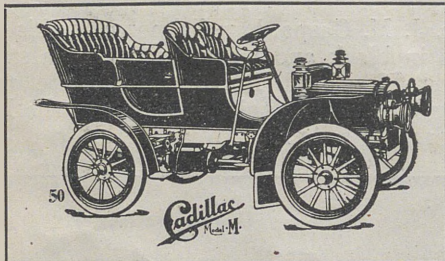
Billington Motor Car. Co.

Garage Always Open

Home F 3171

607 W. 7th St.

This is the "CADILLAC"



The Car that Won the Economy Cup,
at the Lakeside Tourney.

It's a Marvel of Mechanical Skill.
Let Us Show You.

Lee Motor Car Co.

Morgan and Wright Tires
1218-20 South Main Street
Both Phones

Keep up that steady space every day, or week, or month, and you will find that the public begins to take notice of you. Drop it and the public will drop you just as quickly. Now you may think that I am talking through my head gear. I am not. Try it and see. Don't you know quite well that we newspaper men are bound hand and foot by the business office? They talk about the freedom of the press. Say, rather, the thralldom of the advertising department. Suppose I visited some advertiser and, from my own technical knowledge saw a defect in his car or was witness to some incident damning its seaworthiness. Could I tell about it? Could I state my own personal opinion? Suppose some story came up, the publication of which would reflect on say, for instance, Hamburger's. Would a *Times* reporter be permitted to write it up? And yet how our good friend, Mr. Lowenthal, would swoop down upon it. It is a question of give and take. The man who writes about a certain division of sport draws salary and prestige according to the amount of advertising that particular sport brings. Yachting, for instance, is a grand sport, a sport that does more for the health of the community and the general uplifting of morale and manliness than almost any other sport. Does it command any attention from the dailies? No! Why? Because it carries no advertising with it and few subscribers. Ask the managing editor of any daily and he will tell you the same thing. But with automobiles it is different. The sporting page devotes itself to baseball because the public demands a certain amount of the great national game. There is a huge headline telling of the victory of one team, underneath is a statement of the standing of the clubs and below that, a quarter of a column of outrageous slang, intelligible to nobody save the writer. The baseball people advertise; they must have their stories and their cartoons. Horse-racing is popular and must be reported. This appeals to subscribers, but they are contented with the form chart and a hundred words of description. Prize fighting is also popular and receives a large amount of space when the fight promoters employ a genial press agent; otherwise fight stuff is stowed into a corner. But, towering over all other news, especially in the Sunday sporting sheet, is the automobile news. Here we find piles of uninteresting paragraphs. Dope that nobody reads except the agents of the car mentioned. Photographs of impossible people in over-rated cars and fulsome stories to go with the lay-out. Press agent matter from many factories and other stories that none of us would even glance at unless we were interested in the car mentioned. It is the advertising that does it and you agents must make up your minds to be the mill workers.

*Round and round the rugged rock the ragged rascal ran;
From early morn till dewy eve he was a ragged man,
But, when he changed his clothes at night,
He was most spick and span.*

*He wore a very fine dress suit and whitest of white ties,
And he had money in the bank for, as you may surmise,
He ran around the rock all day
Simply to advertise.*

That for you Jim Morley, and I don't subscribe to a correspondence school for advertising either, I just naturally observed these home truths. Somebody send a copy of this to Mr. Powell, or Page-Davis, and they may offer me a course free of chagrin. On second thoughts

NO WAITING—IT IS AT YOUR IMMEDIATE SERVICE.

The PIERCE-RACINE

4-Cylinder--40 H. P. Tourer.

EQUIPMENT COMPLETE \$2,750

INVESTIGATE AT ONCE. IT WILL PAY YOU. OUR ALLOTMENT IS NEARLY ALL SOLD.

The Pierce-Racine Motor Co.
1048 SOUTH MAIN ST.



Highest grade of Imported and Domestic Automobile Supplies.

Agents for the famous Warner Speedometer, J. Lacost & Co., (Ignition.)

Scandinavian Fur & Leather Co. (Auto Toggery.)

E. & J. Lamps. Valvoline Oils—Rex Oils.

Beeches' Wind Shields, Buchey Jacks.

E. A. FEATHERSTONE CO.
1018 S. Main St.

PHONES:
Main 7643. Ex. 256

POPE-HARTFORD gets perfect Score and wins the Economy Cup in the Lakeside Endurance Run making an average of $21\frac{76}{100}$ miles to a gallon of gasoline

The Incomparable WHITE

Gets perfect score and carries seven passengers and 350 pounds of baggage to Lakeside and return without a single adjustment. Driven by a man who is handling his first car.

H. D. RYUS,
Manager

WHITE GARAGE

WM. R. RUESS
Sales Manager

712 S. Broadway. Both Phones

AUTOMOBILISTS OF THE SOUTHWEST SECTION:

No need to take a Lame Car down town

The Golden State Garage

is Fireproof and equipped with every modern device to aid expert mechanics. Prices Right.

West 482
A 4203

OSCAR WERNER

2122
WEST PICO

Reo

"The Car that Wins."

REO Motor Cars give perfect satisfaction, whether in a race, in an endurance run, or in every day, general use. Reo is the best all around automobile made.

Southern California Agents

Pomona, Ontario, San Dimas, Lordsburg, Claremont—F. C. Thomas, Pomona.
Monrovia, Azusa, Covina, Glendora—H. D. Blanchard, Covina.
Orange County—O. M. Skinner, Anaheim.
Ventura County—Guy L. Hardison, Santa Paula.

San Diego County—Horace B. Day, San Diego.
Long Beach—G. W. Neece.
Lompoc—J. W. Harris.
Redlands—Stutt Bros.
Santa Barbara—T. P. Izard.
Nipomo—John Cook.
Santa Monica, Ocean Park—A. W. McPherson, Santa Monica.
Downey—W. W. Bramlette.
Pasadena—Robertson Motor Car Company.
Riverside, San Bernardino, Colton—C. A. Dundas, Riverside.
Uplands—Uplands Auto Company.
Whittier—Saunders Bros.
Cambria—Minor & Westendorf.

Special Notice—For the convenience of prospective buyers who find it inconvenient to call on week days, I will keep my salesrooms open from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. every Sunday.

Reo Runabouts: \$675, \$700, \$1150, \$1300.
Reo Touring Cars: \$1250, \$1350, \$1400, \$1500, \$2650.

LEON T. SHETTLER

633 South Grand Ave.

H. M. FULLER, Sales Manager.

Home Ex. 167

Sunset Ex. 633

Member Automobile Dealers' Association of Southern California.

AUTOISTS!

Firestone Tires

Are Made in 3 styles, to-wit: Mechanically Fastened, Universal (Goodyear Type) and Clincher. Inspection will convince that Firestone Tires are the Best.

John T. Bill Co.,

Tenth and Main Sts.

The Maxwell

Winner in the Altadena hill-climb.
Maxwell Runabout,

Time, 3:03.

Four-cylinder Tourabout,
Time, 2:56 1-5.

The Runabout was one of the latest cars entered.

It is 14 H. P. and costs \$325 less than any car of other makes that finished.

Isn't this the car you want?

WAYNE

Touring Cars and Runabouts

16 to 60 Horse Power \$800 to \$3,650.

E. Jr. BENNETT AUTOMOBILE CO.

Gen. Agents for Southern California

MOON MOTOR CARS

Motor Car Company of Los Angeles.

A. W. McCready, Jr.

122 E. SIXTH ST.

I realize that they would write me down as being too fond of the truth.

I saw Jeff on the street and he had overcome the direful influence of his recent grouch. He was seated in the driver's seat of one of those single cylinder Cadillac things and a venerable gentleman, with the face of an Oom Paul and the figure of an athlete, dived from the other seat into a jewelry store. Jeff told me that I must not stay very long as he had just sold the car and the owner would return presently from purchasing fol-de-rols. The said old gentleman wore, besides nature's side curtains, a most extraordinary hat. It was what one might describe as a porous topsail. In other words, it was designed to catch the wind and, at the same time, to let the wind pass through it. I had taken the seat left unoccupied by the venerable one and foolishly put my feet up on the brass rail. I was seated there in comparative comfort when I heard a snort on my port quarter. I looked around and there stood the recent purchaser. "I'd not object so much," said he, "to your tarnishing my well polished brass work, but I do not want to have my car converted into an advertising space." My feet came down and I projected myself to the street over Jeff and the steering wheel. Jeff started up and, as he ran close to me he had the rudeness and temerity to wink and say—

*Four feet upon the Cadillac,
But no fore feet of English Jack.*

That good Harmon Ryus was looking so worried with pleasure that I absolutely pitied him. This sounds like an extraordinary statement but it is true. He had just passed through his record week. Eleven cars sold and delivered and now the White Garage is more or less of a glaring emptiness. Some of the cars sold were Whites and some were Pope-Hartfords. Since the latter made such a remarkable showing owing to my successful efforts as mascot on the endurance run, they have been selling like hot cakes. Talking about Pope-Hartfords, Mr. Fred Perry has one. I met him in the White place today and there was a mutual recognition owing to an old-time acquaintance and mutual friends. Clarence Jargstorff was there and Robin Adair. Through a mist of talk and chaff I saw signs of a story. It seems that Mr. Perry came near having an accident while running through Monrovia the other day. He took a turn rather sharply and the rear wheels skidded over the bank. That is, the off wheel went over the bank but, in some providential manner, the differential casing caught on the edge of the bank and both wheels were held clear of the ground, while the engine buzzed merrily away until it was stopped by Mr. Perry. All he had to do was to lift the rear wheels back on to the road and start up again. A wonderful escape and due, probably, as much to his skill as a driver as providential intervention.

Next week I hope to send you a good story from San Francisco. I shall devote a day to going around and visiting the auto people there and getting acquainted with them. If I talk as much about the yacht race as I do about autos you mustn't mind, but make up your minds to be as interested as I am in the sailing event. I do not expect to call on Mr. Schmitz or Mr. Heney. I shall take no chances riding on street cars and hope to return to Los Angeles unsullied by the marks of any stray brick-bats. When I see Bill Naughton I shall certainly not mention Mr.

THOMAS DETROIT

40 Horse Power.

Cylinders offset one inch, giving more power, and eliminating knock. Three-speed selective transmission. Large, roomy tonneau.

The sweetest, smoothest, quietest proposition on wheels.

We would be glad to take you out and show you some hill stunts.

Price, with Top, complete, \$3100.

Western Motor Car Co.

Distributors.

415 South Hill Street.

Charles E. Anthony, President.

Earle C. Anthony, Manager.

Western Rubber & Supply Co.

—AGENTS FOR—



TIRES

VULCANIZING

1010 South Main St.

Home F 3998. Sunset Broadway 3336.

Jobbers of Auto Sundries Wholesale & Retail

GOODYEAR

TIRES

THE BEST

FRANKLIN MOTOR CARS

All Models Ready for Demonstration

R. C. HAMLIN

1806 S. Main St.

B4402

South 909

Britt nor, should I meet the latter, will I say anything about southwest corners and policemen. I expect to conduct myself with the same kindly reserve that I showed on the Endurance Run. (Say, Ralph, what are you laughing at?)

* * * * *

It is rumored along Gasoline Row that the Knox, Lambert Friction Drive, the Haynes, Frayer-Miller and Aerocar are about to throw up the sponge, seeking more fertile pastures. "The game's overdone—too many in on no pair," is the trite way that a prominent dealer parried the writer's query for information anent the desertions.

Jake Fredericks, otherwise known as Auto Car Jake, on account of his long connection with the Columbia when Signor Gouty had the latter in tow, has been in town all the week renewing old friendships. Jake is now with Mr. A. G. Hubbard, of Redlands, who is at Ocean Park with Mrs. Hubbard, son and daughter. A seven-seated Pope-Toledo brought the party here but the stable also contains a Pope-Hartford, Franklin and Columbia.

Messrs. Ramsay and Pattison have sold two Pierce-Racines during the week. This winds up the April allotment and everything on the floor but word is to hand that two car-loads passed through Ogden on the 10th so that prospective buyers of this reliable motor are assured of prompt deliveries. Royal blue with artistic gold trimmings is the new dress with which they are adorned.

Over the bank and into the mud! That's what happened to Lou Denker's Pope down at Venice a few nights ago—Jimmy Wilcox driving. Results; a smashed hood, broken axle and wrenched steering gear. Too sharp a turn brought about the catastrophe.

The Great Smith is here to stay. It is one of the best on the market and sells for a very reasonable price, while Mr. Renton is a thorough skilled mechanic, easily convincing the most skeptical of the car's many fine points.

Mr. P. H. Greer is on his way east to see about future Mitchells.

When the three-point suspension was introduced some three or four years ago, it met with a certain amount of criticism and even ridicule. It was in 1903 that the Maxwell-Briscoe Motor Company built their first experimental car, employing this method of suspension. Shortly after its adoption by the Maxwell Company, a well-known 4-cylinder car adopted it. These two concerns were pioneers in this respect, but the field was not left long to them alone, and it is a fact that today the mechanical advantages of this method of suspension have been so clearly demonstrated that it is now being quite generally adopted. The principle of the three-point suspension is simply that the milking-stool or camera tripod. It is a case over again of an old principle applied to a modern invention.

Gottlieb Daimler is known as the father of the gas engine. It was in the year 1885 that Daimler invented an engine similar in many respects to the modern automobile engine. He introduced liquid fuel such as gasoline and adopted the poppet valve. He also compressed the charge prior to firing, thus increasing the speed of the motor and permitting of smaller designs for equal power.

The Logomobile and the Winton

Both Finished the Lakeside Endurance Run with Perfect Scores

We are also agents for the following High-Grade Foreign Cars: **Panhard, Mercedes, Renault**, and the world renowned **Isotta Fraschini**; also America's acknowledged best built car, **The Simplex**.

All the above cars are now on exhibition in our salesrooms and we invite inspection by all discriminating autoists who appreciate "QUALITY"

E. E. CAISTER, Manager.

L. J. SACKETT, Gen'l Sales Manager,
Simplex Automobile Co., N. Y. City

Success Automobile Co.

Corner Pico and Hill Sts.

Both Phones

Home 2515

Main 1842

Under New Management!

In the Heart of the Town

Angelus Garage and Machine Co.

Late of National Garage.

Successors to

Angelus Motor Car Co.

110-12-14 East Third St.

Open all night

Storage. Repairing

The

Mitchell

in the Lakeside endurance run has demonstrated that it is not necessary to pay half again their prices for perfection in motor car operation on the roads.

TWO MITCHELLS ENTERED AND BOTH MAKE PERFECT SCORES
One Runabout and one 35 H. P. Touring Car

Look to economy records for Mitchell economy—the surprise of all who investigate. The Mitchell cars were admired by many owners of cars costing double their prices on account of their wonderful power to negotiate the heavy grades on high gear—their freedom from boiling water, when high priced cars stopped and were penalized for taking on water. Read the records; they tell the tale.

Buy a Mitchell and you'll go through. Road conditions are all alike to these sturdy cars.

"The World's Greatest Automobile Values."

Fifteenth and Main

GREER-ROBBINS CO.

THE Haynes

30 Horsepower Touring Car made a perfect score in the Los Angeles-Lakeside Endurance run.

You can always depend on the Haynes.

SUPERIOR AUTO CO.

130 East Ninth Street

F 7729

Main 8803

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

LARGEST IN
SOUTHERN
CALIFORNIA

RESOURCES
\$17,000,000.00

Safe Deposit Boxes
\$2.00 a Year.

Trunks and Packages Stored in Our
Vault at 50c per Month.

Four per cent. Interest
Paid on Term Deposits.

Ask for "Security" Map.

Hellman Bldg., Fourth and Spring.

High Grade Bonds

Municipal School and Corporation
Tax Exempt in California

N. W. Halsey & Co.

Union Trust Bldg. Los Angeles

New York-Philadelphia
Chicago-San Francisco

Home A 1670 Members Goldfield Stock Exch.
Br'dy 1370

Ernest Kennedy & Co.

Mines, Mining Stock &
Real Estate

128 W. Sixth St. Grosse Bldg.

Branch Offices at Goldfield and Manhattan

E. S. TOMBLIN }
C. A. STILSON } Managers

We recommend the purchase of Home
Preferred, Home Common, Home 1st 5's,
U. S. Long Distance, Central Oil, Union
Oil.

FIELDING J. STILSON CO.

305 H. W. Hellman Building

Telephones Main 105 A2547

SAFETY AND PROFIT

Every dollar of your idle money should be
earning interest. It isn't necessary to invest it
or tie it up. We will pay you 4 per cent. inter-
est on your savings account. We also solicit
your commercial business. Safe Deposit Boxes
for Rent from \$2.00 up.

STATE BANK AND TRUST CO.

JOHN R. MATTHEWS
President

S. F. ZOMBRO
Cashier

Capital \$500,000

Deposits \$2,000,000

Financial

The merger of the Central Bank and the State Bank and Trust Co., which goes into August 1 is by all means the biggest local banking deal which has been accomplished since the merger of the Security Savings and the Southern California Savings was arranged. The merged bank will be called the Central National Bank. The capital will be \$250,000 and the surplus will be \$250,000; the institution will take over the deposits of the Central Bank and the commercial deposits of the State Bank and Trust Company; its active officers will be: President, William Mead; vice-presidents, John R. Mathews, Perry W. Weidner and S. F. Zombro; cashier, J. B. Gist. Each of the merged banks, after paying for its share of the stock of the Central National will turn over the balance of their present capital and surplus toward the capital of a new trust company to be organized with a capital of \$1,000,000. This will be known as the Central Trust Company and it will be located at Second and Spring streets. About \$400,000 of the stock of the institution will be available for sale. W. D. Stephens will be president of this company and W. C. Durgin will be cashier. The savings deposits of the State Bank and Trust Company, aggregating \$700,000 will go to the trust company.

The First National Bank, of Douglas, Ariz., has moved into its new quarters. L. C. Hanks is cashier.

The Pasadena Fire Insurance Company has incorporated. Capital stock \$200,000; \$500 paid. Chester D. Sargent, J. B. Monnette, A. E. Ensign, B. R. Wallace and H. C. Keller are directors. C. D. Sargent is president and W. E. Keller, manager.

E. A. Watkins has been elected a director of the Citizens Bank and Trust Company, of Bisbee, Arizona.

Plans for a new bank building to be occupied by the First National Bank, of South Pasadena and the South Pasadena Savings Bank, have not yet been decided upon and architects Marsh & Russell are at work on the plans.

A new bank in which Los Angeles capital is interested is to be opened at Needles. The articles of incorporation of the new institution have been filed with the County Clerk of San Bernardino County. The authorized capital stock is \$25,000 and the full sum has been subscribed as follows: George E. Butler, of Needles, \$12,000; W. R. Hervey, of Los Angeles, \$12,000; F. L. Slick, of Needles, \$1,000.

The directors of the Glendora Savings Bank, of Glendora Cal., have accepted plans for a new building. The structure will be of reinforced concrete and will cost \$12,000.

Bonds.

Redondo votes August 5 on an issue of \$30,000 for a city hall.

City Attorney Freeman, of Corona, has instructed the authorities of that place that it is impossible to bond the city to aid a sanatorium enterprise.

Santa Barbara boulevard bonds to the amount of \$50,000 will be sold August 1.

Compton votes August 10 on an issue of \$9,500 for a city building.

San Diego will sell \$150,000 in school bonds on August 7.

The San José school district (New Mexico) votes July 25 on an issue of \$3,500.

The Willowbrook school district, Los Angeles county, votes August 1 on an issue of \$1,250.

The High Grove school district, Riverside county, votes August 1 on an issue of \$700.

Santa Ana voters have rejected the proposition to issue \$37,500 school bonds; also an issue of \$25,000 for street improvements.

Santa Barbara councilmen are discussing a proposition to issue \$200,000 in water bonds, of which \$40,000 will be put out each year for five years.

W. F. Johnston, of Los Angeles, has purchased the \$35,000 issue of the Huntington Beach school district.

The First National and the American National Banks, of Pomona, have been awarded the \$40,000 issue of the City of Pomona, paying \$55 premium. The money is to be used for school purposes.

It is expected that before long Roswell, N. M., will vote on an issue of \$125,000 water bonds.

The Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors will sell the \$10,000 issue of the Montebello school district, on August 5.



GERMAN AMERICAN SAVINGS BANK

"I've Been Thinking,"

Said a young man the other day, "that the best thing that I could do would be to open a Savings Account in some strong, reliable bank."

It is the best thing that any young man can do. Savings Banks have helped more young men to financial independence than any other one factor.

We Pay 4 Per Cent Interest
Open a Savings Account Today
223 South Spring St.



FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

Wilcox Bldg., corner Second and Spring.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Statement at close of Business, May 20, 1907

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts\$11,016,893.66
Bonds, Securities, Etc. 2,641,078.99
Cash and Sight Exchange..... 5,083,059.42

Total\$18,741,032.07

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock\$ 1,250,000.00
*Surplus and Undivided Profits..... 1,452,172.10
Circulation 1,233,200.00
Bonds borrowed 145,000.00
Deposits14,660,659.97

Total\$18,741,032.07

*Additional Assets—One million five hundred thousand dollars. Invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company, and held by the officers of the First National Bank as trustees, in the interest of the shareholders of that bank.

JOHN T. GRIFFITH CO.

Established 1892

FIRE INSURANCE

214 Wilcox Building

Home Phone Ex. 416

Sunset Main 4160

Leaves to Cut

Dr. Edward R. Taylor, the new mayor of San Francisco, is a poet or at least, a versifier. The worst thing that the *Examiner*, of that city, which had its own candidate for the mayoralty, could say about Dr. Taylor was to reproduce a number of his verses. But Mayor Taylor, who is also dean of the Hastings Law College, is not a bad versifier. His latest volume entitled, *Selected Verse*, was published recently by A. M. Robertson and contains some not unworthy, if irregular, sonnets, a collection of lyrics and a reflective poem *Into the Light*, an Omar Khayyamesque attempt.

Rudyard Kipling, who recently received honorary degrees at two English universities, once used to pride himself on his linguistic attainments. When he lived in the United States, he happened to meet in Vermont on one occasion an old Chinaman, and to the amazement of the Celestial and several bystanders he began to converse with him in his native tongue. The old man nodded his head and when the famous author had finished he closed his almond eyes and remarked blandly, "Me no speaky English."

The trouble in the wine district of France and the talk about adulteration reminds one of a story which Lord Palmerston used to tell of his grandfather, Lord Pembroke, when they mentioned adulterated wines to him. "There gentlemen," he would say, "are my claret and my champagne. I give it to you on the authority of my wine merchant. My port I can answer for; I made it myself."

Grammar, says *Literary Digest*, is not "simply a record of good usage" and never has been. Grammar is the science that treats of the principles that govern the correct use of language in either oral or written form. National usage often embodies itself in idiomatic forms that violate the common principles of lexicology or grammar. When thoughts are expressed freely and naturally, they usually take form in idioms. The employment of idioms is, therefore, strongly recommended by literary critics, and no matter how much they may depart from the ordinary forms, the fixed idioms of a language are not proper subjects for the grammaticasters. On this subject Prof. Samuel Ramsey says: "Dreary and weary must be the style that can all be parsed. Idioms are short, forcible, and great

favorites with people who would rather work than talk; and they abound in the best writers. Yet idioms are expressions that, taken literally, are either absurd or untrue. 'There is no water here'; 'all the lamps went out.' The Dutch say 'Dans maar op,' where the English say 'Get out,' which means, *Depart*; but all three phrases, taken literally, are nonsensical—'Dance more up,' 'Procure out,' 'From part.' " Idioms are often colloquialisms or have been derived from them, and several of the phrases submitted are idiomatic.

Mark Twain should not wonder that his English friends seem more impressed by his *Jumping Frog*, published forty years ago, than by his later writings. They have just discovered its rare humor.

A negro preacher, whose supply of hominy and bacon was running low, decided to take radical steps to impress upon his flock the necessity for contributing liberally to the church exchequer. Accordingly at the close of the sermon he made an impressive pause, and then proceeded as follows:

"I hab found it necessary, on account ob de astringency ob de hard times an' de ginerall deficiency ob de circulatin' neejum in connection wid dis church, t' interduce ma new ottermatic c'lection box. It is so arranged dat a half dollah or quahdah falls on a red plush cushion without noise; a nickel will ring a small bell distinctually heard by de congregation, and a suspindah-button, ma fellow mawtels, will fiah off a pistol; so you will govern yourselves accordingly. Let the c'lection now p'ceed, w'ile I takes off ma hat an' gibs out a hymn."—*Independent*.

Said Dr. Thorpe to the old man who came to him to have him find what the trouble was with his eyes, "I can see nothing." "I don't either," answered the man. "That's why I came to you."

The saying that one should write only of what one loves finds literal application in those charming essays which Mr. Benson has lately put forth in several volumes. The most serious of the three literary sons of the late Archbishop Canterbury represents a protest against modern luxury and "strenuousness," and his writings have for aim the bringing back of men to the ideals and joys of a less sophisticated age. He is convinced that we have lost more than we have gained by ultramodern processes of thought and action; and his books, which have met with so popular a welcome, have for their central thought the joys of peaceful work, simplicity, and friendship.

Beside Still Waters, (G. Putnam's Sons), is of the same genial character as *The Upton Letters* and *From A College Window*. It is one of those books of the type that was popular in a former age, and is indeed nothing less than the adventures of a human soul in a very modern environment.

The Goddess of Reason, (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), a new departure for the popular authoress, Mary Johnston. It is a drama in five acts and is a rather extraordinary literary performance, very uneven in character. It is a romantic and tragic drama of the French Revolution, a play in blank verse about the length of Swinburne's *Bothwell*, abounding in historical incident and associations and presenting many characteristic and vivid aspects of the great social upheaval which has inspired so many artists and writers. The play has much life and action, and is

not devoid of passages of genuine eloquence. The interest that attaches to it, however, resides largely in the career and personality of the author, and in the opportunity provided for the display of Miss Johnston's undoubted dramatic gifts. Although there is a certain richness of historic background and a vividness of characterization, the defects of the piece are glaring. With few exceptions the blank verse is mediocre and at times it is intolerable. The play is also lacking in unity, too many events and episodes being crowded upon the stage.

The Savings Bank of San Bernardino has been incorporated with a capital of \$100,000. The incorporators are James Fleming, John Anderson, Richard Stewart and others.

The Southern Trust and Savings Company of San Diego will open a branch at La Jolla. A. B. Perkins will manage the office.

The Merchants Mutual Fire Insurance Company has incorporated; no capital stock. The incorporators are: J. F. Devlin, E. B. Patterson, C. A. Franzen, C. W. McNaught, H. S. Callahan, E. W. Dean, W. G. Granger, G. F. Dean, W. H. Preston, J. A. Fazenda, J. W. Sheeley, E. S. Potter, J. F. Paulding, F. A. Connant, C. G. Hedenburg, J. C. Cline, A. D. Jordan, N. E. Wilson, J. H. Gwin, E. J. Vestal and A. Moore.

Timber Land Act, June 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE.

Los Angeles, Cal., May 14th, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress, of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, John Alfred Wilmot of Santa Monica, county of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement, No. —, for the purchase of S.W. 1/4 of section No. 15, in township No. 1 South, Range No. 17 W., S.B.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes; and to establish his claim to said land before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on Tuesday, the 6th day of August, 1907.

He names as witnesses: John N. Henry, Chauncey E. Hubbell, Arthur X. Wilmot, Frank Machado, all of Santa Monica, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 6th day of August, 1907.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT,
Register.

June 1-9th-date of first publication June 1, 1907.



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